

ORIGINAL SIN

WE have tried in two recent articles to explain and defend the Catholic doctrine of the Atonement. Another of the Church's dogmas which is pronounced by non-Catholics, and especially by rationalists, to be impossible of acceptance by the thinking people who form the intelligence of the world, is the Catholic doctrine of Original Sin. As it is a doctrine which stands in intimate relation with the doctrine of the Atonement, let us submit it also to a careful examination which will begin by stating what it exactly means, and how it is to be distinguished from the non-Catholic varieties of the same doctrine. To a modern thinker and even to a Catholic the objection to it which will at once rise to the mind is that it involves an almost unthinkable act of injustice on the part of God, whom we have always been taught to think of as the God of Justice—inasmuch as it supposes Him to have decided to punish the whole race of Adam for a sin which to many of us does not seem to have been so grave in itself, and, which in any event, was one in whose guilt no one save our first parents had, from the very nature of the case, any part whatever. To the Protestants, however, of the fifteenth and later centuries this objection did not appeal at all. Anything, they would have said, that God does is right, and so far we Catholics would agree with them. But, whereas Catholics would not have been so ready to recognize that God had really decreed an ordinance which was conspicuously and indisputably marked by rank injustice, the Protestants of those days had no such scruples. How otherwise can we understand a party like the Calvinists holding such a doctrine as that of predestination *ante pręvisa merita*, the doctrine that God decides long before our birth, in the case of every man, whether he shall ultimately be saved or damned, and that nothing he can do when he comes into being and into the use of his free will can avail to change even in the least particular that assignment made for him in the councils of eternity.

The Lutherans in their Augsburg Confession (of 1530) declare that they "teach that after the fall of Adam all men

born in the natural course from Adam are born with sin, that is, without fear of God or trust in God, and with concupiscence, and that this disease or vice of origin is truly sin which damns him and brings him to eternal death, if he be not born again by baptism and the Holy Spirit." When this Article was first brought forward at Augsburg some Catholics objected very naturally that no one could expect new-born infants who had not yet attained to consciousness to elicit acts of fear and confidence in God, and in deference to this fatal objection the authors of the Article defended themselves with the plea that they only meant to affirm that all born of Adam's race since the Fall had lost the *power* to trust in God. The Calvinists expressed themselves in still more sweeping terms. "As the spiritual life of Adam," says Calvin in his Institutes, "consisted in union with his Maker, so alienation from Him was the death of his soul. When the heavenly image was obliterated in him he did not alone sustain the punishment but involved all his posterity in it. The impurity of the parents is so transmitted to the children that none are excepted, and that not by imitation but by propagation. . . . Original sin appears to be an hereditary depravity and corruption of our nature diffused through all parts of the soul, which makes men subject to God's wrath, and then brings forth works in us which Scripture calls the works of the flesh. . . . His destruction is to be ascribed only to man, as he obtained uprightness from God's mercy and by his own folly fell into vanity. . . . His sin did not spring from nature, but was an adventitious quality which happened to man, rather than a substantial property which from the first was created in him."

Of the formularies that obtained in England the Ninth Anglican Article was modelled on the Augsburg Confession, and runs thus: "Original sin standeth not in the following of Adam (as the Pelagians do vainly talk) but it is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit and therefore in every person born into this world, it deserves God's wrath and damnation. . . . And although there is no condemnation for them that believe and are baptized, yet the Apostle doth confess that concupiscence and lust hath of

itself the nature of sin." The Westminster Confession of 1643, which was Calvinistic in its derivation, says: "By this sin our first parents fell from their original righteousness and communion with God, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the parts and faculties of soul and body. From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, doth proceed all actual transgression."

Acceptable as these statements of their belief appeared to the Protestants of the Reformation period, very few of the present generation could be found to tolerate them, and for palpable reasons. To put it shortly, this doctrine of total or all but total depravity in which the entire human race is said to be involved by reason of a sin committed by their first parents before any of them came into existence and which yet had the effect of depriving them entirely of the power to do any good act or conceive any good thought or aspiration, whilst on the other hand good acts and desires were still strictly required of them, for their neglect to produce which they exposed themselves, their utter helplessness notwithstanding, to eternal damnation—is surely a doctrine which it is impossible to reconcile with the goodness we have been taught to ascribe to God. It is too contrary to our most elementary experience of life. Whether without the assistance and lifting power of divine grace, it is possible for man to do anything that can avail to open for him the gates of Heaven, is a point to which we shall have to come presently, but that even apart from the influence of grace, as apart from the influence of Christian Baptism, men are able to perform many good works, is a matter open to daily observation. Numberless cases of such men who have conferred untold benefits in the natural order on their fellow-creatures occur at once to the mind and these are, after all, but striking instances of what on a lesser scale we see in every kindhearted man who has the misfortune to be without religion. Moreover, to suppose that concupiscence which we all feel is not merely a misery and a temptation but is in the strict sense sin, whether it be yielded to or resisted, is contrary to all the notions of sin which the teaching of Scripture and indeed of common sense has instilled into us.

There seems to be a regular course along which the descendants of the Protestant Churches travel in their doctrinal

changes. They began by exalting the authority of Holy Scripture as against that of the Catholic Church, and in interpreting it took up positions in excess of those which the Catholic Church had made her own. Later they abandoned these positions as to the propriety of which they had been so confident, and have gone to the opposite extreme, disregarding the clearest statements of Scripture, when they find them in apparent opposition to their otherwise formed opinions. Finally they abandon Scripture as an authority altogether. In the present state of the Protestant Churches they have got into the second stage, and are rapidly passing into the third. A quite recent exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles illustrates this in regard to the doctrine of Original Sin. "How did sin originate?" asks the Rev. E. J. Bicknell, the Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon, in his *Theological Introduction to the Thirty-nine Articles*, and he replies thus to his own question: "The compilers of our Articles no doubt regarded Genesis, chap. iii. as an historical account of the commission of the first sin. . . . They regarded all men as literally the offspring of Adam. To-day such a view is impossible. In this, as in the preceding chapters, we have an old myth that has passed through the hands of the Hebrew prophets and been transfigured so as to teach in the form of a story the meaning of sin. It gives us not an historical account of the origin of sin, but an inspired analysis of its meaning. Its value lies not in its historical but in its spiritual accuracy. Through their own experience and the experience of the nation the prophets had been led to see that sin is essentially disobedience to God. This is wonderfully brought out in the picture of the taking of the forbidden fruit. The story awakens an echo in our own experience. All that we can say is that whatever the first sin was, in order to be sin at all, it must have involved, first a knowledge of a higher law, binding on the will, and then the conscious choice of a lower course, by one who knew it to be lower. . . . But our article speaks in the main of original sin. . . . Original sin is at bottom the attempt to explain that all men fall into sin. . . . We know that if sin is universal and if there is no case of a human being without it, it implies a law in consequence of which it is universal. . . . St. Paul saw everywhere in the world of his day, among Jews and Gentiles alike, the ravages of the sin that he knew in his own heart. The teaching that all have sinned, was the

result of the evidence of his senses, not of too literal interpretation of a Jewish allegory."

This is worked out very ingeniously and we can appreciate the state of mind of one who, under stress of what seemed to him the critical difficulties, felt himself driven into it. Still, what it comes to is that he simply gives up the doctrine of original sin, as he gives up the descent of man from Adam, and with it the unity of the race, and he substitutes for it a doctrine which is at all events not evident, rejecting the clear teaching of St. Paul. But we Catholics do not feel ourselves free thus to abandon the inspiration and authority of Scripture, and the doctrine of original sin which it most clearly teaches. Let us see then what the Church's doctrine is and, as in the case of the doctrine of Atonement, how the Catholic theologians under the eye of the Church authority have been able, after searching speculation, to explain the harmony of that doctrine with those conceptions of the nature of sin which we have derived from Scripture and our own consciences.

What these Protestant errors illustrate is the untenability of any doctrine of original sin which starts from the position that Adam by his sin deprived himself and his posterity of any endowments which were essential to the due working of the nature he received at his creation; for in that case his posterity for no offence of their own would have been deprived of what was manifestly due to them if they were to fulfil the purpose for which they were born into the world. Accordingly it is an element in the Catholic doctrine that our first parents received with their creation, and in all probability simultaneously with it, certain superadded and supernatural gifts which had the effect of elevating them to a far higher order of being, with a destiny which the Fathers did not hesitate to call a "deification," and the New Testament speaks of as an elevation from the degree of mere creatures of God to that of Sons of God by adoption. This ultimate destiny, so far above the exigencies of any order of created being, is referred to by St. John (Ep. I. iii. 1, 2) as that of enjoying throughout eternity the contemplation of God face to face, or the Beatific Vision, as it is technically called by the theologians. It was to endow our first parents with the capacities that would enable them to pursue this exalted destiny that they were given at the time of their creation what we call the gift of sanctifying grace, the same spiritual gift which in the order

of Redemption is infused into our souls by the Sacrament of Holy Baptism. As a becoming though not necessary adjunct to this sanctifying grace were added other gifts not of the same high order as sanctifying grace but beyond the exigencies of human nature and therefore called "preternatural," namely, the gift of integrity whereby the natural conflict between the impulses that spring from the body and those that spring from the soul, *i.e.*, the fleshly and the spiritual impulses, were harmonized, so that what is now the conspicuous war between them, an outcome indeed of the double element in man's composition, but, nevertheless, an abiding temptation within his breast, might be prevented; also the gift of immunity from disease and the liability to death, not indeed such that he would live on earth for ever, which would be a doubtful benefit since it would delay his entrance into bliss and hold him back from the after-death life which was set before him as his happy destiny, but such as would make the separation of soul from body easy and delightful, not a torment and dread.

We must next understand that, whilst as yet Adam had all his posterity within his loins as it were, His Creator laid down for him this law, that, if he should personally remain faithful and obedient, all these splendid gifts should pass on to his posterity to be inherited by each and every one of them at birth; but on the other hand, if he should be faithless he should lose them all both for himself and for them. There is nothing that he or they could complain of in this, nothing that could rationally be called an injustice done to them. For his posterity would thereby lose nothing that was due to them, since their natures with all that belonged to them, or was necessary for the discharge of their natural duties, would reach them as completely as if there had been no elevation to the supernatural state granted to him and them on the above-mentioned basis. They would be losing something very great indeed in itself, but only what had been held out to them by an exceeding act of pure bounty. Let us illustrate this by a homely comparison or two. If a banker of great wealth should, because of some defalcations, be dismissed from a lucrative post, and as a result his family should be reduced to ruin, that would be a great misfortune for them, but no one would say that they had any complaint against the authority who dismissed their father from his post

and destroyed their prospects along with his. Or to take another illustration, if a man whom his sovereign has loaded with favours and raised to the peerage, has been afterwards caught in an act of treason and been deprived of his titles, though his children are now reduced to the degree of commoners, no one while compassionating their fall would consider that they had a grievance against their sovereign. On the other hand, they would consider themselves to have a serious grievance if on account of their father's offence they were all condemned to lose an arm or an eye. This is a simple and easy statement of the Catholic doctrine, but there are several points which need a word of further explanation if the theory is to seem intact. Let us take these one by one.

First it will be asked how is this a parallel to the case of original sin, since in this supposed case the consequences of the parents' offence are inherited by the offspring, whereas in our case the offence itself is imputed to it. But here we must remove a false impression of what is meant by the transmission of original sin to the posterity of Adam. There is no question of imputing the sin itself of Adam to his descendants. We must distinguish between the actual sin, which is essentially a personal act and is incapable of being transmitted to another, and the resultant "habitual" sin, to use the technical theological term, or the resultant state of guilt, as we should call it. To revert to the case of the traitor. His personal act of treason was an act to perpetrate which may have taken only a few minutes, but it leaves behind it a state of guilt which will endure at all events until reparation has been made for the offence, and in respect of which the offender will be abidingly thought of and spoken of as a traitor. And this state of guilt can sometimes, according to the ways of thinking and feeling that are customary among men, be transmitted to the children of the offender. If a man has been a traitor or a murderer, we know how deep-seated and hard to eradicate is the feeling against his children which is wont to prevail in the minds of their neighbours. "The traitor's children," "The murderer's children," people say, treating the parent's sin as a race-sin which his offspring have inherited. With far more reason could God regard the sin of Adam as a race-sin, which had infected the entire posterity descended from him.

The recent war furnishes us with another illustration

of this same ethical feature which it will be useful also to cite because it regards the matter from a slightly different point of view. It is not for us in an article of this kind to be the mouthpiece of the fierce passions the war has aroused, but there can be no harm in our citing as an example of this mode of corporate feeling and its imperative character, the way in which the nations against which we have been fighting are regarded by us as having contracted the guilt of an unjust hostility, not by any personal acts of their own, but by an act of their Kaiser in his representative capacity as their ruler.

These illustrations may help us to understand the Church's doctrine of original sin and the consistency with God's justice of the special providence by which He has decreed that the disgrace and consequences of that sin should fall upon us all. For, as we have said, we lose nothing to which we were by right of nature entitled, but only the higher gifts that, had Adam remained faithful, his elevation to a higher and wholly supernatural state would have entitled us to inherit from him. Even the revolt of concupiscence and the liability to death and disease, which characterize our present state, is, as we have already observed, only such as belonged to what would have been our natural condition, being the outcome of the two elements, the flesh and the spirit, of which our human nature is compounded—whereas the gift of "integrity" by which, as auxiliary to the primary gifts that elevated us to the supernatural state, the soul received a full power to regulate the rebellion of the flesh, though not strictly *super-natural*, was given to us as an act of divine bounty, not as an endowment of which our nature had any absolute exigency.

Still for all that we must not lose sight of the extreme gravity of the Fall which took away from us not only this gift of integrity but the far higher blessing of adoption to the divine sonship, with its ultimate admission to the Beatific Vision, and, as a means of reaching that destiny, its present endowment of sanctifying grace enabling us during our earthly course to merit the attainment of our destined reward by a mode of life proportioned to it. Estimated from this high standpoint our fall can be truly called a corruption of our nature, though a corruption far less incapacitating and debasing than that supposed by Luther and Calvin.

It may be asked how is it reasonable to suppose that God made our whole destiny to depend on the chances of one so

frail proving constant in face of a test which appears to us so trivial, as that of refraining from eating an apple growing on a particular tree. But this difficulty does not properly belong to our present inquiry. Quite apart from the doctrine of original sin the fact remains that according to Scripture our first parents did sin and that was the particular offence which caused them to be driven out of Paradise. Unless, then, we are prepared to give up the Christian religion altogether that is a fact we have to take into account. It may, however, be noted that according to the story in Genesis this law was laid upon our first parents, not for its own sake but that they might have the opportunity of formally recognizing or refusing to recognize the supreme sovereignty over them of the Creator to whose love and goodness they owed the rich provision for their needs with which they were surrounded. And there are plenty of examples drawn from human history of tests imposed on men by their benefactors the submission to which was not hard in itself, but was very rigidly exacted under severe penalties just because it involved recognition loyally accorded or perversely refused to those who held supreme authority over them.

But what about the difficulty which so perplexed former generations of theological inquirers, namely, as to how it is possible to regard this original sin as inherited, inasmuch as what we inherit from our parents is our bodies, whereas our bodies not being spiritual cannot themselves be the recipients of sin or guilt or transmit it to souls which alone are capable of being affected by it? This is a difficulty which at one time was found very perplexing, and caused some to excogitate the theory of Traducianism according to which the parents had in some mysterious way the power of transmitting the soul as well as the body to their infants and hence along with the soul the sin with which since the Fall it had been infected, whilst others, seeing such a view was impossible, tended to give up altogether the belief that original sin would be propagated by inheritance. In due course it was recognized that the difficulty was not greater than and could be solved on the same lines as that caused by the infusion of the soul into the body prepared for it by the ministration of the parents. In virtue of the divine ordination for the propagation of the race, when the body is prepared by the parents to receive the soul, the creation and infusion of the latter is

postulated, and granted by the divine co-operation with the act of the parents. Similarly, when God raised man to the supernatural state and decreed that the system of gifts required for the realization of that elevation should pass down by inheritance, He inclusively decreed the law that not only the soul but together with it the system of supernatural gifts should be similarly and concomitantly postulated and granted. When, however, through the Fall these extra gifts were taken away from Adam, it was ordained that in future when an infant was born to the race of Adam this postulation of the supernatural gifts should be discontinued.¹ In this way it was that privation of the higher gifts, which constitutes original sin, came into operation.

Again it will be asked on what grounds do we claim that the state from which our first parents fell was one which can be described with such detail as in the account we have just given, all the points of which, even if undeniable, are taken from the description of our restoration through the merits of Christ as given in the New Testament, whereas in the Book of Genesis there is nothing told us save the bare fact of the Fall, indeed of that only so far as it affected our first parents themselves, nor is there anything throughout the Old Testament to supplement the account in Genesis, at all events anything to supply the details which we seem to have drawn either purely from our imagination or at best from the imagination of some of the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers of the Catholic Church. But the answer to this difficulty is to be sought in the principle implied throughout the New Testament, and universally accepted by the Catholic Church and all her writers, the principle, namely that the redemption was in the form of a complete restoration, so that the state to which we have been restored can be taken as a sure index of the state from which we had fallen, except that is to say in regard to such few variations as it pleased our Lord in redeeming us to make, but in making which He did not touch the substance. To emphasize these marks of difference and likeness, the gift of integrity by which the fires of concupiscence were restrained and it was made reasonably easy to regulate the instincts of the flesh, was not restored in the order of redemption, nor was the immunity from a punitive mode of death and disease. This in one sense

¹ See postscript at end of article.

has made the road of fidelity more difficult for us than was originally intended, but on the other hand it has made fidelity much more meritorious for us and, moreover, it has secured to us presumably a more ample inflow of grace due to the supreme merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. Again the restoration of the supernatural state with all its sublime prospects and aids is not secured to us through the process of birth but by the Sacrament of Baptism, available for us from the commencement of our infancy. It is however restored to us then in its completeness and perhaps in more than its original completeness; for at any rate it is a higher destiny in itself, and presumably in the amplitude of the supernatural aids and endowments it communicates to our souls, that we should hold these high gifts under the redemption and headship of our Lord Jesus Christ who was made man to the marvellous exaltation of our nature by His deigning to share it with us, than to hold a system of gifts in substance the same from a first parent of our race who, though so highly endowed, was capable of playing us false and was at all events one of our own race and that only, whilst our new head is God as well as man.

S. F. S.

POSTSCRIPT:—To obviate misconception it should be observed that here (Note 1 on page 106.) the question concerns what parents, or rather the present order of nature, can postulate of God, the Institutor of that order for the supplementing and completing of parental action. For it might be truly said in another respect that God postulates of the as yet unbaptized child that its soul should be clothed in sanctifying grace and that it is precisely in its lack of this that its contraction of the race-sin consists.

We may also add here in response to the suggestion of a friend made since the article was in type that in the passage near its commencement where we have described briefly the Calvinistic doctrine we were far from wishing to aim at the Thomistic doctrine of *praemotio physica*. In a popular explanation intended for ordinary readers it would be only confusing to take account of metaphysical subtleties, but the vice of the Calvinistic doctrine is that it excludes the action of free-will; the Thomistic doctrine, on the other hand, is solicitous in taking it into account.

WHAT BECAME OF CROMWELL'S REMAINS ?

THE question of what happened to Cromwell's body is always cropping up in the periodical press apropos of a mummied head asserted to be that of Cromwell, and now in the possession of a gentleman at Sevenoaks. This head was discussed in the *Daily Mail* in 1909, and as far back as November 6, 1895, the *Daily Chronicle* devoted a lengthy article to its history, supplemented by a somewhat gruesome illustration occupying the better part of a page. In June, 1905, Bishop Welldon contributed a lengthy article to the *Nineteenth Century and After* with the title of "The Fate of Oliver Cromwell's Remains."

Dr. Welldon came to the conclusion that the head in question was not that of Cromwell, though he was unable to produce any contemporary evidence on the subject. And he also thought that there were no contemporary statements about the actual time and place of Cromwell's first burial; in fact, he seemed to a certain extent to incline to the opinion that, after all, there might be a possible basis for the legends set in circulation in the eighteenth century about Cromwell's secret burial.

The present writer's object is not to discuss the various legends, or to prove the demerits of Oldmixon and Archdeacon Echard as historians, but to show, detail by detail, by contemporary statements, all that took place. There is no mystery or doubt about the fate of Cromwell's body, and the proposal, seriously made, that the Sevenoaks head should be interred, with due ceremony, in Westminster Abbey, would, if carried out, have brought down nemesis in the shape of ridicule. For Cromwell's body was buried under the gallows at Tyburn, and the head at Sevenoaks is assuredly not his.

Cromwell died on September 3, 1658, at three or four o'clock in the afternoon. His partisans decided that the ceremony of his funeral should follow the precedents set in the case of the kings of England, and should even outvie them in splendour. He was to lie in state at Somerset House in the Strand with a crowned and sceptred effigy over his coffin, exposed to view upon a "bed of state." To this custom we

owe what is known as the "ragged regiment" of Royal effigies, still preserved in Westminster Abbey.

According to the official journal, *Mercurius Politicus*, published on Thursdays,¹ Cromwell's body was removed from Whitehall to Somerset House on the night of September 20, 1658. On October 11th, the Monday's edition of this newsbook, entitled the *Publick Intelligencer*, announced that the lying in state of Cromwell's "corps," together "with the representation of his person in effigie," would take place "this ensuing week." The delay was accounted for by the magnitude of the preparations in hand. The same newsbook, on Monday, October 18th, gave notice that the "effigies" would be exposed to view on that day. Finally, *Mercurius Politicus* gave notice, on October 21st, that the funeral would take place upon November 9th.

Yet, in spite of this last notice, the *Publick Intelligencer*, upon Monday, October 25th, announced that the funeral was postponed. Something had happened in the meantime. What that was the newsbooks did not say—it may safely be added—for the reason that there would have been public rejoicings had the facts been known, and by Puritans as well as Royalists.

We must, therefore, turn from the newsbooks to other accounts. Dr. George Bate, Cromwell's physician, tells us, in his *Elenchus motuum nuperorum in Angliâ*, that although Cromwell's body had been embalmed, it was necessary to bury it, for the very unpleasant reasons stated by him. Bate does not give the date, but the last mention of the body in the official journals was in the number of *Mercurius Politicus*, issued on Thursday, October 21st, but of course written on the previous day. Two letters prove that this burial took place on that previous day. They also are undated, but no other inference is possible having regard to the notice of postponement on the following Monday.

Lady Hobart, writing to the Verney family, said that, "My lord protector's body was buried last night at one o'clock, very privately and 'tis thought that there will be no show at all."²

The second letter, a newsletter, carries this a little farther

¹ By Marchamont Nedham. The Monday's edition was *The Publick Intelligencer*. Each repeated the other to a great extent. The *Commonwealth Mercury*, cited by Dean Stanley, in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, is a clumsy modern fraud and quite valueless.

² *Memorials of the Verney family during the Civil War*, Vol. III. p. 422.

by saying that Cromwell's corpse "was removed on Wednesday night last from Somerset House and carried to Westminster, and there interred in a vault in Henry the Seventh's chapel, a day will suddenly be appointed for celebrating the funeral."¹

Cromwell's body, therefore, was buried at one o'clock at night in Henry the Seventh's Chapel on a Wednesday. And this Wednesday, it is clear, was October 20, 1658. We need not discuss the eighteenth century tales of a burial in Red Lion Square, Chiswick, Narborough, the field of Naseby, the Thames, or other places. Here are two definite statements, made at the time, and never before taken into account. No sort of suspicion attaches to either of them, and they set the question of the time and place of Cromwell's first burial at rest.

I now turn to the "funeral celebration." Cromwell's effigy, of which a detailed account is given in Prestwich's *Respublica*, was of wood, carved by a Mr. Philips, the carver to Cromwell's household, and had a face of wax modelled by a Mr. Symons. After the removal of Cromwell's body, this image actually "stood in state" at Somerset House, surrounded by lighted tapers, as if Cromwell were in Heaven, Ludlow remarks, an exhibition recorded both in the official periodicals, *Mercurius Politicus* and the *Publick Intelligencer*, and also in engravings still to be seen at the British Museum. On November 23rd the "funeral" took place. The image was carried to Westminster in public procession and was placed on the site of the High Altar in the bed of state. There was no religious ceremony.

This "funeral" was denounced by the Quaker, Edward Burrough, who published a tract about it entitled: "A testimony against a great idolatry committed. And a true mourning of the Lord's servant . . . upon the occasion of that great stir about an image made and conveyed from one place to another, happening the 23 day of the ninth month" (*i.e.*, November 23rd), by "E.B.", 1658.

He was horrified at "all this stir and costs and preparation for many weeks beforehand and such decking in mourning attire of great and noble men and all but to accompany an image from one place to another."

"Whereby people are deceived who might look upon it to

¹ Hist. Manuscripts Commission; *Calendar of the MSS. of the Corporation of Berwick-on-Tweed*, p. 19.

be the burial of Oliver, Protector, when as it was but an image made by hands and decked and trimmed in a vain manner as if it had been some poppet play. Which if it had indeed been his bones they had accompanied to the grave in such a manner, that had been less condemnable and I should not have had aught against it."

When Burrough could write like this, all the facts about the secret burial must have been known in London at the time.

Hardly had the monument over Cromwell's grave been erected in Henry the Seventh's chapel before the Rump Parliament ejected his son Richard, voted his father a traitor, and commenced the acts of vengeance completed after the Restoration. Up to this time the effigy seems to have remained upon the site of the High Altar, for a satirical tract, published on May 26, 1659, and entitled "Eighteen New Court Queries," enquires:

"Whether the old protector's cradles [*i.e.*, bed of state] standing in Westminster Abbey in the same place where the High Altar, or Communion table, formerly stood is not the setting up of one superstition where another superstition (as 'twas termed) was pull'd down. And whether the effigies while it was there might not be called, without any abuse of Scripture, the abomination of desolation in the Holy Place?"

Again, the *Weekly Post* chronicles the destruction of Cromwell's monument during the week ending June 7, 1659:

"The stately and magnificent monument of the late lord protector, set up at the upper end of the chancel [*sic*] in the abbey at Westminster, is taken down by order of the Council of State, and publick sale made of the Crown, Sceptre and other Royal Ornaments after they had been broken."

As this passage seems to imply that the monument itself was on the site of the High Altar, another satire, published on June 6, 1659, will clear up this point. "Twenty new queries, relating to the general good of these nations. Which will neither please madmen nor displease rational men," asks:

"Whether they that caused the great engine, set up in Henry the Seventh's chapel, to be taken down, did not better and more to the liking of all the good people of the land than they that set it up?"

All this took place, it should be remembered, nearly a year before the Restoration. Therefore the legend to be found

in works of reference, to the effect that Cromwell's monument was destroyed "at the Restoration" is also untrue.

King Charles II. was restored in May, 1660, and made his public entry into London on the 29th of that month. Henry Muddiman, in his *Mercurius Publicus* for May 24th—31st, describes the fate of Cromwell's effigy on that day:

"The solemnity of the day was concluded by an infinite number of bonfires, it being observable as if all the houses had turned their chimnies into the streets (the weather being very warm). There were almost as many fires in the streets as houses throughout London and Westminster. And, among the rest, in Westminster, a very costly one was made, where the effigies of the old Oliver Cromwell was set up on a high post, with the arms of the Commonwealth, which having been exposed there a while to the publick view, with torches lighted, that every one might take better notice of them, were burnt together."

Eight months later on Cromwell's body was ejected from the Abbey and posthumous vengeance taken for his share in the murder of Charles I. The same writer's *Kingdomes Intelligencer* for January 21st—28th, 1661, states as follows:

"This day (26 Jan.) in pursuance of an order of Parliament, the carcasses of those two horrid regicides, Oliver Cromwell and Henry Ireton, were digged up out of their graves, which (with those of John Bradshaw and Thomas Pride) are to be hanged at Tyburn and buried under the gallows."

The bodies were then left in Red Lion Square until January 30th, in order that they might travel the Tyburn road from Newgate, on January 30th, the day on which the King had been beheaded. For some reason it was not found possible to add Pride's body to the others. Perhaps the time allowed was too short.

Mercurius Publicus for January 24th—31st, 1661, continues the narrative:

"This day (Jan. 30) we need say no more than name the day of the moneth was doubly observed, not only by a solemn fast, sermons and prayers at every parish church for the precious blood of our late sovereign King Charles the First; of ever glorious memory; but also by publick dragging those odious carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton and John Bradshaw to Tyburn. On Monday night (28 Jan.) Cromwell and Ireton, in two severall carts, were drawn to Holborn from Westminster, after they were digged up on Saturday"

(the 26th) "last, and the next morning Bradshaw. To day they were drawn upon sledges to Tyburn. All the way, as before from Westminster, the universal outcry of the people went along with them. When these their carcases were at Tyburn they were pull'd out of their coffins and hang'd at the severall angles of that triple tree, where they hung till the sun was set. After which they were taken down, their heads cut off and their loathsome trunks thrown into a deep hole under the gallows."

A week later on, the same periodical told its readers that:

"The heads of those three notorious regicides Oliver Cromwell, John Bradshaw and Henry Ireton are set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall, by the common hang-man."

The question remaining to be settled is whether the head still in existence is that of Cromwell. The modern history of this relic is clear enough, and its adventures can be traced back satisfactorily to the eighteenth century, when it is said to have been bequeathed on his death-bed by a sentry who had picked it up and concealed it, when it was blown down one night during a storm, about twenty-five years after it had been set upon Westminster Hall.

A passage never before cited refutes this tale. *Heraclitus Ridens* was a satirical journal written by Thomas Flatman, poet and miniature painter, in opposition to Titus Oates's journalists. In No. 24 of his periodical, issued on July 12, 1681, Flatman inquires:

"Whether old Noll's head did not take it for an affront to be thrown down from the pinnacle of honour which is repairing at the South end of Westminster Hall; and whether he would not be better than a witch who would tell who shall be a successor in that high preferment?"

The head, therefore, was thrown down by a workman in the day-time—not blown down in a storm at night—and this happened twenty years after it had been set up, not twenty-five. It was probably swept into the Thames with the rubbish from the pinnacle.

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FATHERHOOD

The Father, from whom all fatherhood
in heaven and on earth is named.

Ephes. iii. 15.

THOUGH I may never understand
The impotence of your little hand
That closes round my finger—so—
This at least I have come to know ;

Why God before the world began
Grew lonely and created man
In His own likeness, who should be
An image of the deity ;

Why in foreknowledge of the Fall
The Lamb within His Father's hall
Was from the world's foundations slain—
I know the solace of His pain ;

Why Fatherhood, unsatisfied,
Became the Son of Man and died,
And why—the Son's dear body riven—
The son was ransomed and forgiven.

This learned I, waiting for the morn
To break on which you should be born—
Till when I never understood
Even of human fatherhood.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

MÈRE MARIE

IT was a very picturesque affair, the convent in which she had lived years of her life. Perched upon a cliff, it had wonderful turrets and spires, and shining roofs; in the golden early morning it would look like the prison of the sleeping Beauty, and on dusky winter afternoons it resembled the gruesome dwelling of Jack's Giant, but its exterior would generally strike people as being like the most satisfactory sort of fairy castle in which everyone was happy and astonishing things of a desirable nature happened all day long.

In reality, this castle being a convent, it was not perhaps so very far removed in kind from the wonderful magic palaces that fascinated us in babyhood. It is certain that herein one could live in an atmosphere of indescribable kindness and good will, and learn of the astonishing importance of little simple things.

It held a tiny Community, as Communities go, consisting chiefly of French nuns, who devoted themselves to the education of youth, and who extended occasional hospitality to "dames pensionnaires." It used to strike me at first as being distressingly incongruous, that these religious, with their splendid prayers and immense interior existence, should mix so many seemingly insignificant and futile little actions in such a life they lead; in fact (superb creature of the world as I thought myself), I used to laugh with unpardonable frequency at their habitually ceremonious manner of shutting doors, at their conscientious mending and re-mending of some unimportant looking whisp, and at their careful shepherding of pins; and my sense of the ridiculous remained uppermost until one day Mère Marie snubbed me gently, and told me that, after all, the biggest of us must be very tiny in the sight of God, and yet He is busy with us always, and how should we be judges of what was great or small?

Mère Marie must have been between forty and fifty when I knew her first. She was a charming, dignified figure, very youthful looking, with a face just the least bit out of drawing, like a saint in a thirteenth century manuscript, and big child-like eyes that would laugh sometimes all by themselves, in a very solemn countenance. There are many "Mères Maries" in the world, shut into innumerable religious Orders, and this particular one of which I speak will never know I have written about her; even if she did, the fact would never

disturb her. She would just smile and call me "sotte enfant" for imagining that anyone but I would be interested in her tales, and continue her prayers, or disquieting conjectures as to whether Rev. Mother had her galoshes, or if the cook wanted helping with the vegetables.

We were great friends, she and I, and in the beginning of our intimacy she would tell me of her home, and of the tiny, simple things that made her happiness when she was a child.

She and her sister were the daughters of a couple of saints from what I could gather from her tender reminiscences of her parents. Lucy, her elder sister, had married—pauvre chérie!—and Marie,—petite Marie—well, she had never thought of anything but the religious life, and her parents had been so happy to have a daughter in religion to pray for them. Parting from them had been very hard, they were all so happy together "à la maison," her father and mother, and grandfather and Lucy; and the horses and dogs, everything had been so dear to her, but "Le Bon Dieu donne la grace" . . . she had cried very much when she had parted from them all. She was very young when she entered, just nineteen, and a great trial to her novice mistress, and oh! la! la! how she had wept the first few months of her novitiate.

It is certain that people "in the world" cannot altogether understand the point of view of a religious, and I suppose that was why to the last I always found Mère Marie's simplicity in speaking of spiritual matters rather terrifying; it is, of course, ridiculous, but a great many of the things she used to say made me feel as if I were being forced to face the blazing sun with my eyes open, and on such occasions she would indulge in a little gentle mockery at my instinct to hide my head, and would call me "petite sottinette" and say I wasn't simple. I am betraying no confidences: what she used to tell me of her experiences she never told me as secrets. She was so astonishingly simple in her points of view that she never looked upon anything she recounted to me as being extraordinary, probably to her and to those like her such things as she talked to me of were not to be wondered at.

I cannot pretend to understand one half of what she used to tell me, with all her simplicity she could be very puzzling at times, and in spiritual matters she often spoke of what she *saw*, and in my ignorance of such things I occasionally, perhaps, asked indiscreet questions; then she would patiently explain to me that it was only the Saints of God who saw the

things of God with their bodily eyes, but that sometimes Le Bon Dieu would be very good to ordinary people, and would make His Truth so vividly real to them that it was as if they saw with their intelligence what He would have them to understand.

You see, she explained again and again, smiling at my expression of stupid despair: "Souls in this way can perceive Le Bon Dieu under many aspects, but they cannot tell you what He is like except that He is beautiful. Ah! you will tell me you understand one day, *chérie*," she said.

At the beginning of the third dismal summer of the war I had already occupied quarters devoted to "dames pensionnaires" for some time, and Mère Marie had gradually dropped her little ceremonious habits that she had considered to be the appropriate treatment of lady boarders, and she would come often—"with permission," as she was always careful to tell me—and talk to me for half-hours at a time, sitting diligently darning at piles of stockings that never seemed to get any less.

"You will have company now," she said to me one day. "We have a lady coming here to stay for a little time. We knew her when we were in France. She is very kind and good to us,—*pauvre dame*," she added, "you must pray for her, she has her only son at the war."

I made the acquaintance of the "*pauvre dame*" that evening at dinner, and for many days after that I listened to endless tales of a wonderful son, the best of all boys, so good, so devoted, clever enough for four, and in short the joy of his mother's heart, and the comfort of her existence. The tale had ended temporarily one day with the revelation of a magnificent secret: he was to be a priest, this son, after the war.

The narrative was rather humorous in parts, but the classic melody of a mother's devotion is repeatable again and again and ever beautiful. I saw little of the "dame" excepting at meal times, when she would appear radiant and talkative if the post had brought her a letter from France and her son, but pre-occupied and saddened if nothing had arrived. She had news almost daily for a week or so; then came days when she had no letters at all from France, and as the time lengthened I began to dread the thought of a hateful little orange envelope that might come instead of them. I made the usual futile remarks, seeing the poor woman's increasing anxiety, about posts being disorganized, and so on, but I

was scarcely surprised when, at the end of a week of waiting, a wire was handed to the "pauvre dame" one day during lunch. I decamped before she had time to open it, but I learnt from Rev. Mother afterwards that it had contained news that her son had been seriously wounded, that was all, and that the "dame" had packed what she could lay her hands on and departed by the afternoon train.

I was very sorry, and I missed her for days afterwards, and then, except that I perhaps said a prayer or two for her from time to time, I practically forgot her.

It must have been about a fortnight later that a letter came from her to Rev. Mother, containing a dismal story of grief.

There was a great hope that her son would live, wrote the mother, but it was almost a cruel hope, as he would be paralyzed, and they were afraid quite blind for the rest of his life. The letter was blotched and blotted, almost illegible in parts, and finally there was a heart-rending little act of resignation to the Will of God, squeezed into a postscript on the fourth page.

It was a miserable affair, and Mère Marie wept over it openly. "Cependant," she said through her tears, "God's ways are the right ones and we must not question them."

This was all she said at the time, but a week later she told me a wonderful little tale.

She and I had been sitting in the garden talking of the unhappy episode of the mother and her wounded son, and I had made, I am afraid, a series of obvious and stupid remarks, and had finished by wondering aloud why such things were allowed to happen, and suggesting that the poor boy could have done so much good had he been spared, and all the rest of it. I had finally asked Mère Marie what she thought of it all.

She smiled at me. "I will tell you what I now believe Le Bon Dieu thinks of it," she said.

She sat with her eyes bent on her work—(a pair of grey woollen stockings, to which the spirit of poverty had added giddy blue feet!)—and began to talk, stopping from time to time to wave her hands as if they helped her to explain herself.

"I must tell you," she began, "that in the midst of our great happiness in religious life Le Bon Dieu often sends us little trying things to endure, just to remind us, I think, that we are not yet in Heaven, and what He likes best to send

me is quite a tiny trial, that perhaps others would laugh at as being almost too small to be of worth!"

She laughed a little to herself.

"Eh bien! it is this," she said. "When I think I have finished all I have to do, and have promised myself a quiet half-hour in the chapel at my prayers, Le Bon Dieu will send me twenty other things that have to be done: a Sister will want me to help her, or a child will claim my attention, each one being unconsciously so exacting that all my precious time goes, and I am nearly crying; and during this last fortnight, especially, about the time that poor mother had her bad news, this very little trial had come to me again and again, and I, foolish old woman that I am, had tried to sulk with Le Bon Dieu. It seemed as if He never wanted me with Him in the chapel, but was always sending me away on errands, and here was this poor wounded boy of whose tragedy we had just learnt; who was condemned to inactivity for all his life, whether he would or no, when he could have done so much good as a priest in our poor world." She smiled again. "And I could not make these things straight in my own mind," she said, "so I behaved like a silly child, and, instead of punishing me, Le Bon Dieu in His goodness explained."

She ceased work, and her busy hands lay idle in her lap.

"The day the Father took Holy Communion to our poor sick Sister here," she said, "I understood.

"I was kneeling with my candle at the far end of the chapel waiting to accompany the Blessed Sacrament to the sick room, and without warning, as such things will come, I was suddenly aware of that particular vibration in my soul and that kind of extra sensitiveness to things of the spiritual world which is so often preliminary to the enlightenments that God sends us. I was conscious still of my surroundings, but my attention was fixed, beyond all distraction, upon one point (I can only describe it as this), and whether in my own soul or outside it I do not know; it was as if I were watching for a light to appear, or listening for a voice to speak, I cannot tell which, but, as I knelt there waiting and watching, Le Bon Dieu appeared to me"

She saw me start and broke off.

"Ah! Chérie, chérie!" she said, "don't hide your head, but look up and listen, petite sottinette!" And holding my hands away from my face, keeping them firmly clasped in her own, she continued.

"He appeared to me," she said, "under a wonderful trinity of aspects. It is difficult to explain to you how I saw Him

in all three at the same moment and in a single glance, but it is so, and although my eyes were closed I must tell you that I saw Him, because I have no words to describe it otherwise. I could not tell you how He looked because I do not know, but I saw Him with the eyes of my soul as the Great Contemplative in the Tabernacle; as a poor workman accomplishing wonderful significant things in the making and mending of village furniture; and as a tiny child busy with all the eagerness of childhood playing in the dust with the children.

“And then I understood,” she went on, “how foolish I had been in not valuing equally all the occupations Le Bon Dieu sent me, and that our Lord is everywhere, and His glory in our hands at every moment if only we will have it so . . .

“And this is not the most wonderful of all He showed me that day,” she continued, “for as the priest took the Blessed Sacrament from the Tabernacle and came down the chapel between the stalls, I saw that he carried a Divine Invalid, who, crippled with five great wounds, lay self-condemned to a wonderful infirmity for the length of all our lives. Here was a mighty Helplessness, left at the mercy of the world, taken up or laid down, carried here or there at the will of others, cared for or forgotten, and facing long weary stretches of loneliness for the sake of a few who might be desolate without Him. And I understood then that this Glorious Warrior had made for Himself a brother of an ever-ailing wounded boy, whose life from all human points of view was useless.

“And when the priest returned and locked the Blessed Sacrament again into the dark of the Tabernacle, the wonderful resemblance between our Lord and His brother seemed complete. . . .

“How shall I describe to you,” she said, tightening her fingers that lay over mine, “the union (or so it seemed to me), that existed between these two. It appeared that the boy’s soul, from the very fact of his helpless suffering, had been swept into the tide of intercessory prayer that flows always from the Tabernacle, and as the water of a tiny brook will become one with the sea, so did the little life of this boy, through the channels of suffering, become one with that of the Great Contemplative.”

Mère Marie released my hands and folded up her work carefully piece by piece and laid it in her basket.

“He will have a wonderful life, that boy,” she said, “if our Lord has made him understand.”

O. D. B.

THE WAY OF A CONVERT

IT occurs to the writer to offer this brief Apologia because it is always of interest to learn how others have been drawn to the enclosure of the True Fold, and also because it serves as some small tribute of gratitude for the Divine mercy to give testimony as to its exercise. Many of the influences which combined to bring about the change in this case were undoubtedly obscure, but their cumulative effect becomes more apparent as the years pass.

Looking back over some thirty or more years, it is seen that the period of adolescence was passed in the shelter and spiritual home of the most "advanced" section of the Anglican "High Church." Ardent interest and enthusiastic support were claimed by the causes connected with the names of Liddell, Mackonochie, Lowder, Tooth, and Prynne, and their influence moulded youthful convictions and estimates as to the scope and limitations of "Anglo-Catholic" faith and practice. Under the teaching of a notable band of London Anglican clergy, many inquiring and receptive minds gained considerable insight into the doctrines of the Catholic Church, however fragmentary and inconsistent that teaching was afterwards seen to be.

After Cambridge, with its wide and varied intellectual interests, its clash of minds, its philosophic detachment from extremes and dogmatic certainties, there came entrance into, and soon absorption in, a strenuous profession. With maturing years was experienced the inevitable loss of youthful ardour; then the acceptance of the R  nan attitude towards Revelation; then the adoption of the chill agnostic position. Never, however, came any temptation to proselytize, for never was there any real devotion to the spiritual creed of the moment; nor, indeed, was there any desire to justify personal connections, or the lack of them. Circumstance and temperament seemed sufficient accounting causes for the varieties of religious experience and position evidenced in a wide circle of friends.

For a brief while the vague glamour of Theosophy had its attractions; its leading protagonists were skilfully displaying the impressive roots in the past which gave to this modern system of beliefs a symmetry and a continuity entirely lacking

to the Protestant faiths. For a still briefer period the bleak contours of Positivism seemed stable and harmonious, though without power to lighten the dim avenues of personal experience.

During these years, and on looking back they are seen to extend to nearly a quarter of a century, there was a growing but resigned sense of isolation, loneliness and loss. It seemed, however, as inevitable and as irremediable as the light-hearted irresponsibility of youth. The pursuits and interests of professional work involved some prolonged and varied, if not very profound, study of history and sociology. By the beginning of the twentieth century an illuminating idea came and gave force and point to historical study; viz., the indisputable and dominant position of the Catholic Church throughout the ages, as the conserving and vitalizing influence in a succession of change and flux. This was the outcome of reading and investigation on absolutely non-Catholic, and often on directly anti-Catholic lines. Perhaps it is only the natural effect of continual bias in presentation or argument that a spirit of question or contradiction should be evoked. Or perhaps there arises therefrom a certain mental distaste, comparable to that suggested in "methinks the lady doth protest too much," which prepares the mind for other aspects. Or, again, it may be that the far-darting gleams of coming enlightenment throw thus their placid and patient rays ahead.

So that an attitude of impartiality as to Catholic claims, policy and accomplished aims, honestly assumed; with a readiness to believe that Rome (and all the dreaded and undefined possibilities that the name might imply) would occasionally, like an admired and maligned statesman of the day, "drift by accident into a right course of action"; even in the dry light of modern days.

And with the growth of an appreciative recognition of the part played by that great institution, the Catholic Church, in past ages; her nurture of art and learning and the things of the spirit; her penetrating wisdom in the ordering of human life; her infinite capacity and resource for moulding or adapting circumstance; her pre-eminence in government;—there grew fainter and weaker the arrogant assumption that, whatever may have been the case in days gone by, her part in the modern world is played, and that she counts only as an imposing and pathetic survival of the old order, imperceptibly but unfailingly like it, "yielding place to new."

Curiously enough, the zeal and activity of the Wesleyan body which, through a few devoted and outstanding personalities, made some impression upon the inert mass of indifference and irreligion in the London of the closing years of the last century, aroused and developed a train of thought which seemed almost perverse.

On studying the arresting story of their founder's life, and noting the circumstances of his divergence from, and final break with, the Anglican Church; the fervent devotion and profound spirituality of his adherents; his immense contribution towards the peaceable solution of the industrial troubles of the day; the weighty protest of the movement against the dull materialism of English life;—it seemed that here was a strayed soul from the Catholic past. The very term "Methodist," cast upon the body in derision, was provoked by their practical endeavour to live in the presence of God, to strive after a continual remembrance of Divine things; their devout service of their Maker throughout the week as well as on Sundays,—the very fact of establishing week-day prayer meetings in an age of churches closed from Sunday to Sunday,—all these suggested a searching after, and a groping for, some of the old "methods," and an implicit repudiation of the distinctively rational note of Protestantism.

But, though intellectual recognition of the superiority of Catholicism over other forms of faith was being established, as satisfying reason, requiring obedience, and claiming service, yet nothing beyond the cold "I grant you," was attained. With the mind tainted with the idea of temperamental disability for faith, and ensnared in the web of supposed eclectic sympathies and appreciation, the writer's attitude for many years was that of the observer. At intervals, within the range of acquaintances and, indeed, of intimate friends, came the news of a conversion to the Catholic faith. Some of these were, it seemed, accounted for by the subject's personal experience or circumstances; some were frankly amazing and mysterious, and remained so until the latter day when the Call was heard and the Light seen. So true it is that, with the heart and the will estranged, the intellectual assent has no compelling force towards submission and reconciliation.

It is impossible to record the hidden and gradual steps by which the position of indifferent observation was given up. But when at length the submission of an intimate friend and colleague took place, with considerable sacrifice of position,

means, and opportunities, no hesitation or lack of understanding prevented the acceptance of the consequences as those of an imperative necessity; and that with, not merely resignation, but alacrity. Still, it was two years later before it became clear that, however honestly the original straying had come about, there was no merit and no satisfaction in continuing to wander in a wilderness known to be such; and with the Rescuer's Voice within hearing.

Of course there were a few hesitations, as actual demands were faced; some disposition to withhold absolute acceptance; even a vague reluctance to exchange the self-centred spiritual loneliness for what was understood to be an intimate and searching companionship, and a continual adjustment of thought and conduct to authoritative standards. But at length the step was taken and instruction sought. Then began the steady and consoling experience which results when choosing and rejecting are abandoned; the inborne conviction of Divinely inspired truth, and the calm certainty of anchorage in a safe haven. The writer's reception took place on the momentous day of the declaration of war upon Germany; and through the anxious and terrible days which succeeded, happily now ended, it seemed that, without that light and claim and consolation and uplifting, life would have been insupportable.

It is impossible to recount in detail the progressive steps by which an obstinate and rebellious soul was won and disciplined to a right relation with God. More impossible is it to express the deep wells of happy experience, of growing knowledge, of clearer understanding the joy of the Sacraments, and the communicated ardour of devotion to the Faith. Whatever had been the hopes or the anticipations they were far exceeded in the realization: the conclusion perpetually reiterates itself, "the half was not told."

No easier is it to express, and still less possible to explain, the diverse ways in which a devout holding of the Catholic Faith presents a solvent of perplexities and conflicts; illuminations in doubt; intellectual satisfaction in acceptance of authority; confidence in a beneficent Omnipotence above the tempests of life; and stable equilibrium between presumption and despair. This is undoubtedly the experience of many who have been granted the Gift of Faith in mature years, and it is recorded here as a heartfelt and sincere act of gratitude.

S. CUNNINGHAM.

DEDICATIONS

THE dedications of modern books are poor, meagre things, compared with the full-bodied, elaborate panegyrics which writers of an earlier time prefixed to their works. The literary man of the present day—if, indeed, he remembers to write a dedication at all—incribes his book To his Wife, To his Mother, or To his Son or Daughter; if the work is in the nature of a learned treatise, he often dedicates it with a brief acknowledgment of his indebtedness—he could hardly in decency do less—to some scholar who has helped him with information or encouragement. Sometimes the identity of the recipient is veiled under initials, after the style of the mysterious “Mr. W. H.” to whom Shakespeare’s Sonnets were dedicated.

It is not, however, the anonymity of modern dedications which one deploras as much as their lack of picturesqueness. We never find a nobleman of the present day being publicly assured on the front page of a book that he has “brought accession of reputation to the memory of his noble ancestors, by preserving each virtue of theirs with its utmost lustre, even in a vicious age”; and that his life is a proof to the world that “temperance and conversation, management and liberality, are consistent virtues.” This is what St. John, Earl of Bolingbroke, was told in 1694. Webbe, a century earlier, dedicating his *Discourse of English Poetry* to Mr. Edward Suliard, speaks of “perfect gentility and nobleness of mind fast linked with excellency of learning and affable courtesy,” and after continuing for two or three pages in this strain, declares that he might “pile together huge heaps of words” on the subject of his patron’s “commendable virtues,” but refrains, lest he should be suspected of “fawning flattery.” There is almost Oriental ceremoniousness in some of these dedications. The author “prostrates himself” before his patron, begs his “favourable eyes to vouchsafe to behold him,” and presents his work “for his honourable reading.”

There was, of course, a practical, not to say a sordid reason for this. Until the eighteenth century at any rate, literary work was so badly paid that an author, unless he possessed private means, could hardly hope to make a livelihood without some pecuniary help from a patron. He had therefore

a real reason for feeling gratitude, and a motive for expressing even more than he felt, in the hope of future favours. This relationship between author and patron was clearly recognized in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Fielding, in dedicating his *Historical Register for the Year 1736* to the Public, says: "Asking leave to dedicate, therefore, is asking whether you will pay for your dedication"; and that this is not merely the exaggeration of a satirist may be proved from many examples. For instance, in Hakluyt's dedication of his *Voyages* to Lord Howard of Effingham we have the frank confession: "Bethinking myself of some munificent and bountiful patron, I called to mind your honour's lordship."

As early as 1605, Bacon deprecated the practice. "Neither is the modern dedication of books and writings, as to patrons, to be commended," he says in the *Advancement of Learning*, "for that books, such as are worthy the name of books, ought to have no patrons but truth and reason." One suspects, however, that Bacon might not have adopted this lofty and disinterested attitude had not his own official position placed him beyond the reach of want. Dr. Johnson, as might be expected from one of his independent character, also felt strongly on the subject. "Nothing has so much degraded literature from its natural rank, as the practice of indecent and promiscuous dedication; for what credit can he expect who professes himself the hireling of vanity, however profligate, and, without shame or scruple, celebrates the worthless, dignifies the mean, and gives to the corrupt, licentious, and oppressive, the ornaments which ought only to add grace to truth, and loveliness to innocence?" He is inclined to blame the patron as much as the author. "If he that hires a bravo partakes the guilt of murder, why should he who bribes a flatterer, hope to be exempted from the shame of falsehood?"

Pope and Swift discuss the subject in a less serious vein. The latter complains of the lack of originality shown in dedications, but decides that it is hardly the author's fault, since there are so many more varieties of vice and folly than of virtue that all the most fulsome flatterer can do is to make a list of the cardinal virtues and attribute them to his patron. Pope suggests that the author merely paints an imaginary character, endowing it with the qualities which he desires to possess, or to be thought to possess, himself, and then finds some patron foolish enough to believe that it describes

him. This is why women writers dilate on the beauty and charm of the dedicatee, if one may use the word, and offer their patrons the compliments they would desire to have paid to themselves. He gives an example of the "celestial style," as he calls it. "'Tis impossible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your Grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And we adore and bless the glorious work!" This effusion, which Pope professes to have found on a fragment of paper among the wrappings of a hat-box, but which he probably invented himself, is not greatly exaggerated, but goes only a step further than many which are quite authentic.

The infrequency of the dedication in modern times, then, and its brevity when it does occur, are to be regarded as signs of the independence of the literary profession. The author dedicates his work not from any desire to please a patron, but out of sincere affection for some relative or friend. The very curtness of the dedication suggests intimacy, and shows something of arrogance in the writer's attitude towards the general public. It is as if he said: "This is a private affair between my friend and myself. I am under no obligation to pay this tribute to him, and if I choose to do so, it shall be in cryptic terms which only he can understand, and which cannot satisfy the vulgar curiosity of the world."

Commendable as this independence is, however, there is no need to carry it too far. Dedications might be made more interesting, without being any less sincere. Sir Philip Sidney, who could hardly have had mercenary motives in dedicating his *Arcadia* to his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, addresses her thus: "Continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you, and heartily prays you may long live to be a principal ornament to the family of the Sidneys." Surely this is better than "To my Sister" or "To M.S."

Various authors have avoided the imputation of mercenaryness by addressing their dedications to persons from whom they cannot hope for any pecuniary gain in return for flattery. For example, George Herbert, like several other writers on religious subjects, dedicates his poems to the Deity; others have inscribed their works to men no longer living, as Keats

did when he dedicated *Endymion* to the memory of Chatterton. The same purpose is served by dedicating books not to individuals, but to classes of people. Swift's address to Prince Posterity is perhaps the most famous of its kind; the letters of Junius were dedicated to the Nation; and Fielding's "To the Public" has already been mentioned. Mr. Kipling's dedication of *The Seven Seas* to "The City of Bombay" hardly comes into the same category, for he is apparently thinking of the city itself as personified, and not as standing for its inhabitants. The dedication of *The Roadmender* may be compared with this: "To my Mother, and to Earth, my mother, whom I love."

The writing of dedications is not entirely a lost art, even in modern times. Stevenson, for example, seldom wrote a book without one, and some of his dedications are masterpieces. One of the happiest is in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*; it runs: "To Thomas Stevenson, Civil Engineer, by whose devices the great sea-lights in every quarter of the world now shine more brightly, this volume is in love and gratitude dedicated by his son, the author." Perhaps nothing surpasses the dedication to his old nurse in *A Child's Garden of Verses*, which is addressed "To Alison Cunningham, from her Boy."

For the long nights you lay awake,
And watched for my unworthy sake:
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story-books you read:
For all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore:—
My second Mother, my first Wife,
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, Nurse, the little book you hold!
And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,
And every child who lists my rhyme,
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice!

Poets have indeed an advantage over the mere prose writer when they set out to pay graceful tributes of this kind. Henley dedicated a volume of verses to his wife in these words:

Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs,
For, old or new,
All that is good in them belongs
Only to you;

And, singing as when all was young,
They will recall
Those others, lived but left unsung—
The best of all;

and Browning's *One Word More* is merely a dedication on a somewhat larger scale. Even those which lack this felicity of expression may be interesting, nevertheless, and stimulate the reader's curiosity by what they leave unsaid as well as by what they say. The dedication of Mr. Stephen McKenna's *Ninety-Six Hours' Leave* suggests that the foundation of his story was an undergraduate "rag" or some similar escapade of which we should like to hear more:

To F. P. C.,

who may still remember the days when the world was at peace and a night when Prince Boris Alexandrovitch of Bosnia, so announced and so described in the visitors' book, entered a London caravanserai with four aides-de-camp. The retinue is scattered, the Prince of a night perished with that night, but to one who played a royal part royally his devoted follower offers a token of his devotion.

With examples like these before him, the modern writer should take heart of grace, and exercise his imaginative powers on the dedication of his book as well as on the body of the text. Even if there is any writer so unfortunate as not to have a single friend for whom he can profess sincere affection, or one acquaintance whom he honestly admires, he still need not omit the dedication altogether, for there remain various possibilities open to him. He can go outside the human race altogether, as Mr. Belloc does when he dedicates *The Girondin* "To the horses Pacte and Basilique, now with their father Jove"; he can address it to one of the characters in his own book, as is done by Mr. Ward Muir in *The Amazing Mutes*: "To certain of the characters who figure in the following pages (and who, it is to be hoped, will fail to recognize themselves) this book is rashly dedicated"; or, as a last resort, he can follow Pope's cynical advice and dedicate his work to the only person in whom he can perceive no defects, and who can be depended upon to value his labours at their true worth—Himself.

C. M. BOWEN.

IN "OCCUPIED" GERMANY

IT is never a very easy matter to write about a foreign country in an understanding way even when one lives at peace within its borders for a considerable time. It is, of necessity, more difficult for one who is in, if not of, an Army of Occupation, to write in an understanding way of a country which is not only in part occupied by alien armies, but which is cleft by many differences, religious, social and political as well, and is reeling under a staggering blow to its national pride. And so, except for the fact that "occupied" Germany is a Catholic country, and that we Catholic Chaplains are in daily touch with a side of German life which is unknown to G.H.Q. and undreamed of by Carmelite House, these lines would never have been written.

The position is indeed a strange one, the nations are officially at peace, but we are an armed force in possession. As an armed alien force (and the troops of a victorious nation at that) the naturally patriotic German cannot be expected to love us overmuch, whilst regarded as a police force, the thrifty hard-working German is unfeignedly glad to have us here, as a protection against the spread of industrial unrest from the east and as a shield against the menace of "Bolshevism," however unreal that menace may be. Even more than the "proletariat" at home, the "proletariat" here is newspaper-fed, and a hundred small sheets are published at all hours of the day, engineered by the multitudinous political groups—(parties is too dignified a word)—which are manœuvring for position in the prevailing chaos.

One thing generally prevails, and that is the deep distrust of the "Parliament of Boys and Women" which is the official mouthpiece of Germany to-day. The doings of the "Weimar" folk are the subject both of apprehension and ridicule. There is very real danger to the Catholic schools, and a farcical danger of such legislation as Munich produced, legislation proclaiming cubism to be the art of the nation, and such-like fooleries. The joke is provided by the lady members who speak for hours to empty benches and the generally unrepresentative, or, rather, if there is such a word, the misrepresentative character of the assembly which is faced with such herculean tasks as lie before the nation.

Nor is the puzzle of the situation lessened by our own attitude, which is at once an enigma to both the German and to ourselves, if we pause to think. We, too, following the ordinary custom, publish a paper called the *Cologne Post*. Whatever may be its origin, it has the mentality of the *Daily Mirror*, and consists of snippets from the day before yesterday's London papers (Carmelite), a page of cricket, boxing, and racing "news," sundry advertisements, mostly of German firms, and a column of what are called "Echoes." The paper is very obviously set up by Germans, and is printed from a German fount of type. In the one column are German advertisements—Concerts, Theatres, Cabarets, with Dentists, Camera makers, Opticians, etc.; in the next are the "echoes" in which the German is invariably spoken of as a "Hun." All manner of suggestions are put forth for the improvement of Cologne, to make it more like Leeds, even to a plea for "drastic action" to be taken to stop the church bells ringing whilst the tired subaltern is taking his beauty sleep. This attitude of mind is to be found on all hands, the old war-bogies die hard indeed, and the "young guard" of which we hear so much, is indeed insular of the insular. The old inability of the Englishman abroad to realize that he, and not the native, is the foreigner, is more noticeable now than it was, even in a Cook's party, before the war. It is quite easy to understand that the average British soldier, be he a "temporary gentleman" or O.R., sees only one side of the life of this great city, and that side is not the best, the life of Café, Cabaret, and Music Hall, and, alas! even worse places. It was all that he saw of French life, it was all that he saw of Belgium, and as he is but a child in years, it is all that he has ever seen since he left his home, and small wonder indeed if his ideas of "foreigners" are of a very finite and misrepresentative kind. Then, again, the average young Englishman is a pagan, less healthy-minded by a great deal than he used to be, for the liberty of war has meant license to many thousands of our lads, and the "official" character of Army "Religion" has alienated him from whatever he may remember of whatever religion he may have heard of in his childhood.

It is not to be thought of for a moment that our Catholic lads are not influenced by these things, for, alas! it is only too true that they are. Catholics are, we may be proud to say, very few in the Conscript ranks, and the fate of half-a-

dozen boys in a Battalion of non-Catholics is not a very happy one. The fact that most English boys have been getting men's wages for several years has given them a false idea of their position; they ape the manners of "men of the world," according to their lights, before there is a sign of down upon their upper lips. For the great galleries, museums, and educational exhibitions the vast majority have "no use." The history of the city and country is a sealed book, German music is "sob music," and all one has got to do is to "be a sport," and anyone with an inside knowledge of army life knows what is the connotation of that phrase. There are, of course, a few who are making use, and full use, of their opportunities here, but of most of the men it may be said that they understand nothing and despise everything. It is not surprising, therefore, that a very great part of German life is not only unknown, but is unsuspected, by the vast majority of our people, both officers and "men." There are two basic principles in the life of the Rhineland—prayer and work—neither of which come within the ken of our "sports," and yet it is impossible to begin to understand the life of the people without realizing the two foundation stones on which that life is built up.

For six months the present writer has lived in the Rhineland, in mountain and plain, in city and village. Being a priest he has risen early and seen the village churches crowded daily at a 6 a.m. sung Mass; he has seen the peasants work on the fields of their small holdings from dawn till dark, sixteen hours on end, and then, unspanning their weary oxen, tramp off again to the church for Rosary and night prayers. Even in the winter, when, 1,500 feet up in the Eifel, the mercury fell below zero night after night, the unheated church showed no diminution in its daily congregations. In the city it is the same; Mass follows Mass from 5 a.m. (hence the bells which disturb the subaltern's rest) and the parish churches can show records of Communion given and received which run into hundreds of thousands a year.

In every church in the vast diocese of Cologne, in which, by the way, there are over four millions of Catholics, the front places are reserved for the children, and only last Friday the writer said Mass for over 2,000 children in one of the parish churches.

In the Cathedral, Mass is said at intervals from 5 a.m. till 11 on week-days, and in all the churches the Mass at the High Altar is almost invariably sung. It is a sad reflection of

this age of sorrow to find that by special permission priests are allowed to say "Black" Masses five days in each week, and so day by day the sad beauty of the Requiem is heard in all the land.

To every church are attached guilds of all sorts. For children, boys and girls, for the young men and maidens, for the mothers and the fathers, and all these are in the full blast of activity. In the towns courses of lectures are given by learned priests, the "fortifying of the layman" and the training of youth being very thoroughly carried out. Far from having suffered loss of vigour through the war, the Church in Germany has gathered strength, till it stands to-day practically at grips with infidelity, as Protestantism has all but ceased to be a factor in the life of the nation. For the first time in their lives many of the clergy are having to deal with converts from Lutheranism, and even from amongst the Jews. The great social guilds for Catholic workmen are carrying on a noble work, whilst every parish appears to be organized to a pitch of perfection which must be seen to be believed. Cologne is the home of many notable priests, and over all towers the figure of the Cardinal-Archbishop, the Westphalian aristocrat, who was called from the see of Münster to the archiepiscopal throne shortly before the war, and who is one of the outstanding figures to-day, not only of the Catholic Church, but of the entire nation. Perhaps the best known man in Cologne is the Franciscan Friar, Father Dionysius, on whose words thousands hang week by week in the Cathedral, a man of great wisdom and piety and of wonderful eloquence. Round his pulpit crowds all Cologne, even Protestants and Jews as well as Catholics, as with no uncertain sound his clarion voice rings out. All this, as well as all the work which is going on, as well as the simple domestic virtues that are everywhere practised, is unknown to our men. A certain number drift into the Cathedral of an afternoon, moon round for five minutes and go their way, but few have seen St. Gereon, the Apostles' Church, Sta. Maria in Capitor, St. Kunibert, or the wonderful new St. Heribert in Deutz, and in four months spent in an Eifel village the writer never saw one soldier in the wonderful tenth century church, except a little handful of Catholics on Sunday mornings. The Church is, indeed, *terra incognita* to the average Briton; not that nowadays he is in any definite way hostile to it, but simply to him it does not exist; he is not interested in it, as it is not, according to his idea, "cheery."

It is not for a Churchman to speak about industry and trade, but there is a great deal which might be said on the matter, were the writer capable of saying it. The German is by nature a workman, and a clever and industrious one at that, even as the German woman is a born housewife and a most prolific and capable mother.

In the great national questions which loom before the broken Empire that of Religion takes a very foremost place. As is Ulster's attitude to the rest of Ireland, so is Prussia's towards Catholic Germany. No sooner did war break out than all the Catholic districts were garrisoned by Prussian and ultra-Protestant troops, which troops dragooned and plundered their Catholic compatriots even as they dragooned and plundered northern France. Bells and organ pipes were looted from the churches, and it was a positive relief to the peasantry when, after the Armistice, the British troops occupied their villages. Alone amongst the governing class, the ex-Kaiser would have seemed to have been better disposed towards the Catholics of his country, for he was far-seeing enough to recognize what a strong bulwark against anarchy the Catholic Church in Germany was. His frequent visits to the Rhineland and especially to the Eifel had been marked with simple cordiality, and when he stayed in the forest villages he made presents to the village church, and such-like kindly advances.

It is generally felt in the Rhineland that the ex-Kaiser is a genuinely religious man of kindly nature, that his home-life has been without reproach, and there is undoubtedly a feeling of personal affection for him throughout all the land; but, be it said, that feeling does not extend to any other member of the Royal Family. To the ex-Emperor's personal influence are attributed many acts, or rather attempted acts, to mitigate the horrors of war, but the people here feel that he was over-ruled, and their pleasant memory of him is blurred by his flight in the hour of danger.

Of the hostility to the Church of the "Weimar" parliament there is no doubt, for long before the peace was signed it was at work attacking the Catholic schools and making plans for the disestablishment of Religion. In Cologne the Cardinal acted with characteristic promptness and decision, and from every parish in this vast diocese protests against the proposed changes were sent in within a very few days, with the result that no more has been heard of the matter for the time being. The Catholics of the Rhineland no more desire

the partition of the country than do the Nationalists that of Ireland; but there is a limit to their endurance of Prussian tyranny, and if the Weimar Government commences to persecute the Church, then, not the Rhineland only, but Westphalia, the Black Forest, Upper Bavaria, and the other Catholic districts know what they will do. In the light of this fact, it is easy to see that the Cardinal of Cologne is a very important and weighty factor in the situation, and yet, officially, the occupying Armies have not, so far forth, recognized his existence, nor that of the Catholic Church. If our daily paper speaks of the "village pastor" it means the Lutheran minister who is to be found in one village out of a dozen, and who "holds service" once on a Sunday in a dismal and generally dilapidated conventicle. The Press has, it is true, once mentioned Father Dionysius, but hastened to explain that he was notable for speaking excellent German, and as a lesson it would be a good thing for students of German to hear him speak!

One word more as to the attitude of mind towards England of the people of the Rhineland. They are sad, and naturally so, at the ruin of their country and the dispersal of all its hopes, but they have taken their defeat in the right spirit as being the act of God in punishment for their sins. They have never forgotten that to two great Englishmen, St. Boniface and St. Willibrod, they owe their Faith. The octogenarian Rector of a parish founded by St. Willibrod, and where a portion of the original church is still preserved, wrote to the writer on the day peace was signed (I translate his Latin): "We Catholic priests entertain a mutual love in Christ Jesus. . . . We are willing, then, to preach to our people to lay aside hatred and to remember that all men have one Father and the same Saviour. From England there came to us of yore St. Boniface and many others moved by Christian love, bearing and spreading throughout our land the true religion. Would that now many men, filled with the spirit of the Lord, may be found in England, whose aim will be compassionately to restore the unhappy German people to prosperity, not to bring them to destruction. Farewell!" The mystical writings of Father Holzhauser are widely read in Catholic Germany, and there is a general feeling that England is, as he said years ago, in some way as yet unknown, destined to carry the Catholic Faith to every corner of the globe.

WALTER COOKSEY.

AT THE SIGN OF THE "DRAGON"

AN OLD TRUE TALE OF BEAUTY AND A BEAST.

ONE advantage of being extremely old is that you may doze, without explanation or apology. The town of the "Dragon" has been dozing for centuries very comfortably with occasional waking intervals. The stillness of a dream lies upon the old place, and life goes very leisurely there.

Towards the close of a golden day in early July some seventy years ago a most unusual traveller passed through the town. Housewives summoned by their excited offspring came from their doors or leaned from upper casements, as a full-sized elephant loomed majestically round the corner and swung into the main street, his vast shadow, grotesquely expanded on the squatting house fronts, moving like a "doppel-ganger" alongside. Marcus Aurelius inhaled the atmosphere and it was agreeable in his nostrils, for the sweet breath of adjacent hayfields was wafted through the peaceful streets. No one appeared to be in a hurry, which accorded well with the dignified and leisurely mood to which he usually inclined. His little eyes roved from side to side and finally rested affectionately on Mr. William Miggs, his keeper, who sauntered beside him whistling "Sweet Belle Mahone," a melancholy ditty then much in vogue. There was affection in the elephant's glance and he playfully blew in Mr. Migg's ear, eliciting a shriek from a nervous lady peeping from a bedroom window, who thought she saw the poor man tottering on the brink of a painful death. She retired and shut herself into a cupboard, when the next instant the elephant hastened his pace and linked his trunk through Mr. Miggs' arm invitingly crooked. Shuddering with delight the infant population watched the progress of this unusual couple until the cavernous arch of the "Dragon" swallowed them up.

William Miggs escorted his charge into the courtyard of that ancient hostelry and looked around. Deep peace brooded there, and silence pierced by snores from the harness room, where Dickon the ostler, ostensibly cleaning brasses, had fallen upon slumber. The advent of Mr. Miggs and Marcus Aurelius, shod as it were with velvet, did not awaken him.

The elephant came to a halt, and Mr. Miggs, perceiving through an open door a female form of singular attraction bending over milk pans in the cool dim dairy, gave an introductory cough. Lavinia, skimming cream for tea, looked up coyly, expecting to encounter the amorous glance of one of her numerous swains, who haunted the Inn at odd times, drawn by the lure of her beauty, which was undeniable. When, instead of a rustic Corydon, she met the mild gaze of Marcus Aurelius and saw the vast bulk of that Asian quadruped on the very threshold of the doorway she gave a shriek, which would have done credit to a locomotive. Her delectable complexion of cream and roses faded to chalky whiteness, but with commendable presence of mind she sprang to the door and clapped it to, and bolted it, and then through the wired aperture in the upper part she gazed forth with staring eyes at the horrific vision. Lavinia was not sure that she was not in the throes of a painful nightmare—but the skimmer in her hand dispensing largesse of cream on the flagged floor convinced her it was all too true.

Marcus Aurelius, surprised and pained by this rude reception, wished to investigate the odd little square in the door framing Lavinia's pale face, and lifted his trunk delicately for that purpose, but Mr. Miggs waved it aside.

"No 'call to be alarmed, miss," he said agreeably, "Markis wouldn't hurt a fly—he's as gentle as an 'armless infant."

"Are you sure he won't bite?" Lavinia queried, the colour creeping back into her cheeks. "Lawks! what a start you did give me to be sure."

"Bite!"—there was gentle scorn in Mr. Miggs' voice—"I wouldn't go so far as to say he might not want to kiss you, for he's a wise beast—an' 'oo could blame 'im?"

Lavinia smiled, disclosing her perfect teeth. Seen through the interstices of the netting, she appeared in the eyes of Mr. Miggs as a heavenly vision, though there was a good deal of earth in the "Come-hither" of her deep blue eyes.

"And what were you wanting?" she queried archly. She was recovering. Mr. Miggs' language had convinced her she stood on firm and accustomed ground. Also she liked the appearance of the trim, horsey little man. He leant against Marcus Aurelius's leg and surveyed her invitingly.

"Won't you come outside—I don't like talking to you through a wire netting, it's too aggravatin'."

With one eye on the elephant and one on the churn which

might serve as a barricade if needed, she opened the door and stood hesitatingly on the threshold.

"Lor' lumme!" said William Miggs, and stood moonstruck as any of her rustic swains.

Lavinia, accustomed to the effect of her appearance on susceptible males, smiled more alluringly and completed the havoc she had begun. The beauty which was to carry her by perfectly legitimate channels from the courtyard of the "Dragon" to the Court of Queen Victoria, was then at its first freshness, so the capitulation of Mr. William Miggs was excusable. Marcus Aurelius, as unmoved by the spectacle of feminine attractions as his august namesake, shuffled on his feet and began to think of his supper. Certainly he *had* smelt hay.

There was a movement in the harness-room and Dickon emerged, to recoil for a moment and then advance truculently. Some supersense always informed him when Lavinia was in the dairy—when he came forth to admire gloomily and speechlessly as became a hopeless Benedict.

"What d'ye want?"

William Miggs took Dickon in from the crown of his mangy tweed cap to his hobnailed boots, added him up and brought him to nothing.

"Oh, just a bed for 'im an' me," nonchalantly indicating his charge.

Dickon breathed heavily for a moment, very much at a loss. The elephant seen at close quarters gave him an uncomfortable sensation in the pit of his stomach, and Mr. Miggs' smart appearance in proximity with Lavinia enraged him.

"Surely you don't sleep with that monster?" Lavinia enquired.

"Larst night I did—lost ourselves, me and Markis, among these bloomin'—I mean bewchus 'ills, an' 'ad to put up for the night in a barn. As mild an' gentle as a lamb Markis is. I couldn't wish for nicer company—leastways not larst night I couldn't."

Lavinia's blush and titter and Mr. Miggs' expressive gaze left Dickon in no doubt that the conversation was taking an unseemly turn.

"We don't cater for no menageries here," he growled—"yoo'd better shift yourself and that beast—blockin' up the 'ole yard."

"I can read." Mr. Miggs airily indicated the sign of the "Dragon" and smiled maddeningly at Dickon—at least Dickon thought it was maddening—and wished the elephant had obligingly "overlaid" him the previous evening. "Entertainment for Man and Beast" read the sign-board. "Well, 'e's a beast, sure enough," Dickon agreed gloomily. "Still in the nature o' things it only means 'osses—an' cows thrown in like." He removed his cap to scratch his head over the problem. Whether Marcus Aurelius was annoyed at the epithet so harshly applied to him, or whether he considered Dickon's cap had seen sufficient service, cannot be known, but he lifted the unsavoury fragment, once a shouting plaid of blue and yellow, now faded and redolent of the stables, and sent it skimming across the yard, where it fell into the horse trough.

Lavinia clapped her hand to her ears—"Oh, fie, Dickon—what would your missus say?"

"I thought he *looked* married," Mr. Miggs said with satisfaction. "Some'ow you can always tell." What Dickon said or thought need not be recorded.

A high voice calling "Lavinia" summoned that enchantress, and Mr. Miggs, freed for the moment from her thralldom, became once more his alert businesslike self. Very shortly, in spite of Dickon's protests, he had sought out the host, and enlisted his sympathies on behalf of his patient charge. "A poor invalid elephant left behind to follow the menagerie, when sufficiently recovered," was the moving story he portrayed, and the Proprietor, sympathetic and interested in the great, gentle beast, designated an old coach-house, just then empty, as a safe and suitable place for his sleeping quarters.

"He'd never get into the stables—trot him in there." So Marcus Aurelius paced sedately into the place assigned, and Mr. Miggs saw to his needs and gave him his supper—and then had his own, and hung about the yard hoping for a glimpse of Lavinia.

"I hope the little dear said his prayers," a voice said gaily. Mr. Miggs looked up.—There was Lavinia's enchanting face gleaming down at him from the high grey wall which shut in the Inn garden cut in the hillside. She vanished with a laugh, which was a challenge, into the sweet summer dusk. Mr. Miggs could have scaled fortress walls in pursuit of her, but it was not necessary—a convenient flight of stone steps led to the garden, and he was up them in a trice and dodging

among the privet hedges in the wake of a vanishing pink gown. Ultimately he caught up with it and he and Lavinia spent an hour very delightfully. Lavinia found Mr. Miggs of very different mettle to her rural admirers—his dapper figure and smart cockney tongue, and the circumstance of his arrival with the elephant, had lent piquancy to a day which had at the outset promised to be rather dull. She leaned against the deep privet hedge, her pink dress over the stiffly starched white petticoats, ballooning round her, and Mr. Miggs leaned too, as close as he dared. Lavinia commended the scenery to him, but Mr. Miggs in his recent wanderings had had enough of scenery to last him the remainder of his days, so he turned his back on the dim blue hills and the fading glory of the skies and gave his attention to the rigour of the game. It was a very ancient pastime, and one in which vanished generations had played their parts in the old Inn garden, as ably as Mr. Miggs and Lavinia. If, in the blue-grey gloaming, ghostly man and maid kept tryst there, Lavinia and her swain, secure in the fortress of youth, were unaware of such beleaguering shadows. The night was laden heavily with the breath of pinks, and of privet hedges in bloom, and that perfume always brought back to Mr. Miggs the memory of Lavinia's face. Once in later years, when, as a ducal coachman, he had a fleeting glimpse of that face beneath the nodding plumes and scintillating tiara of a court toilet, he chuckled to think he had ever essayed to kiss those peerless lips.

Marcus Aurelius, heartlessly abandoned by his beloved companion, in his unaccustomed quarters, remained in profound meditation for some time, with half-closed eyes, gently swaying from side to side. Breathings through the crevices and keyhole of the coach-house door from various spellbound urchins who had crept in to the courtyard aroused him from his abstracted mood. With the delicate finger-like tip of his trunk he began to investigate his surroundings. He lifted straws from the ground and scattered them, and gently essayed to prise open the lock, whereupon the urchins fled in terror. He lifted a bunch of ancient, rusty keys from the wall and dropped them listlessly among the straw. Where was Mr. Miggs all this time? Perhaps the barred door at the side of the coach-house was concealing him. Marcus gently felt along the iron and lifted the stout wooden pin, and the bars with a clatter fell down—the doors swung inward, and the

malthouse, with its cobwebby interior, darkling in the twilight, was dimly visible. No Mr. Miggs there!—but there were other objects, round hard objects ranged against the wall, of which he had no previous experience. Mildly curious, the elephant shifted his bulk nearer to the opening, and his trunk, waving like the tentacle of an octopus, in the gloom of the malthouse, gingerly encircled the nearest barrel, and discovered a spigot. Now hitherto Marcus Aurelius had worn the white flower of a blameless life, but how small a thing may trip the feet of the mighty—the tiny wooden spigot in the cider barrel proved his undoing. He picked it out as neatly as an experienced burglar might remove a lock, and cider gushed forth in an amber stream. Marcus snorted and drew back for a moment, disconcerted by the suddenness of the result he had achieved, but the sound of the splashing on the stone floor tempted him to investigate once more. He drank long and copiously of the cider stream, and soon life took a different complexion. It no longer presented itself as a sedate and austere pilgrimage. He felt hilarious and yearned for the pleasures of congenial society, the coach-house seeming a mean harbourage for his expanding spirit; he longed to rush forth and fall upon somebody's neck—anybody's neck, even on that of Dickon who had alluded to him so rudely. With ludicrous gravity he shuffled and swayed, frolics as best he could in the limited space at his disposal, banging the walls as he waltzed round. Finding himself incommoded by the cider barrel he broke it up and cast the staves through the window.

It was at this juncture that Dickon burst upon Mr. Miggs and Lavinia in the sweet seclusion of the Inn garden.

"That elefant o' yourn's been drinking cider and 'as gone on the rampage—you'd better 'urry," he shouted in sour satisfaction.

Before the heavy-footed Dickon had turned in his tracks Mr. Miggs was off like an arrow from a bow, and assumed charge of affairs in the courtyard, where a small crowd had assembled to listen to the gambols of Marcus Aurelius, who was now endeavouring to burst open the coach-house door.

White, and tight about the lips, all his philandering forgotten, Mr. Miggs was essentially a man of action. Marcus Aurelius, very, very drunk, was a serious proposition, more serious than any of the grinning yokels had so far realized.

A great hay-wagon was wheeled in front of the coach-

house doors, and balks of timber hastily fetched from an adjoining lumber yard added to the defences. Mr. Miggs intrepidly slid into the malthouse and barred the connecting doors, while the elephant was solemnly dancing a kind of fandango,—and then a conviction of the gravity of the occasion having penetrated the bucolic mind, many willing helpers built up a stout defence outside that door. Marcus Aurelius, hearing the voice of the beloved Mr. Miggs outside, trumpeted a hilarious invitation to him to come and join the dance. But Mr. Miggs was coldly unresponsive, and Marcus, leaning against the door till all the timbers cracked and the onlookers blanched, shrilly lamented his lone and sorrowful condition. All that night Mr. Miggs and a few bold spirits kept vigil, and by noon the following day, the fame of Marcus Aurelius having penetrated to outlying hamlets and remote farms, a crowd gradually assembled in the courtyard. Mine host wiped his perspiring brow, and, ceasing to upbraid Mr. Miggs for the elephant's perfidious behaviour, drew more beer and again more. Not till two days had passed did Mr. Miggs deem it would be safe to release Marcus Aurelius from his prison house.

It was a chastened and pensive elephant who ambled forth. He stood dejectedly in the morning sunshine, his grey hide shrunken and soiled, his cunning little eyes seeking Mr. Miggs.

He essayed a tentative embrace, but was sternly waved away.

"You're just about fit for the washtub, Markis."

"Take him to Park Pool," suggested a voice from the crowd circling prudently at a distance.

So, escorted by the major part of the population, the elephant paced slowly down the hill through the hay-fields, to the shallow, reedy pool. Here, gingerly stepping and investigating, he found firm foothold, and pouring generous libations over his head, splashed and wallowed.

"Now young feller-me-lad," said Mr. Miggs, "you come along back and make your adoos—then you and me 'ad better 'ook it."

The population streamed in their wake as one following a god—a man on such familiar terms with the vast quadruped indeed walked with a halo.

When Mr. Miggs had paid his score he looked for Lavinia; the lapse of Marcus Aurelius had crushed as with a heavy foot

the tender bud of their romance, but vaguely through the stress and preoccupation of the past two days he had been aware of its fragrance—but he had had no heart for philandering.

Framed in the dim casement above, his roving eye discovered the face of Lavinia.

"Come down," he pleaded.

But Lavinia shook her head.

"I'm safer here," she said meaningly. "Here's good-bye to you and your Beast."

Mr. Miggs looked at her long and sorrowfully, then with the philosophy of one early made aware of the impermanence of earthly joy, he turned to Marcus Aurelius.

Marcus linked his trunk affectionately through the arm held out to him, and together they passed out through the archway and down the sunlit street.

"Well, he is a man, and not a turnip like most hereabouts."

With this encomium Lavinia drew in her chestnut head.

DOROTHEA BIRCH.

TO FRANCIS THOMPSON

SO lofty was the stature of your soul,
Your eyes saw heaven while your feet trod hell,
Poet who fain had fashioned words to tell
The mysteries that lie beyond the goal
Of human thought, and for your rhyming stole
The speech of angels. We but stumbling spell
The runes of Paradise; who reads them well
Must take for lamp pain's lurid aureole.

Your Francis of Assisi took for spouse
The Lady Poverty, for God's high sake;
But you, enamoured of herself, did make
Pale, shrewish Pain the mistress of your vows,
And lo! what melodies to blossom break
Amid the thorns she twined about your brows.

SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O.P.

SOME PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF MYSTICISM

STIGMATIZATION. II.

WHETHER St. Francis was or was not the first in time to bear upon his body the marks of our Saviour's wounds, there can be no possible dispute as to the immense impression which this marvel produced upon the minds of contemporaries. The key-note is struck in the letter which Brother Elias sent to the Provincial of France, and probably to other Provincials, immediately after the death of the Saint.

And this said [so Elias wrote] I announce to you great joy, even a new miracle. From the beginning of ages there has not been heard so great a wonder, save only in the Son of God, who is Christ our God. For, a long while before his death,¹ our Father and Brother appeared crucified, bearing in his body the five wounds which are verily the Stigmata of the Christ; for his hands and feet had as it were piercings made by nails fixed in from above and below, which laid open the scars and had the black appearance of nails; while his side appeared to have been lanced, and blood often trickled therefrom.²

Thomas de Celano, or whoever was the author of the Book of Miracles, equally describes this portentous event as something unheard of since the world began, and the fame of it was not long in reaching all parts of Christendom, when it was enshrined in such popular chronicles as those of Vincent of Beauvais and Matthew Paris (*i.e.*, Wendover). Of course one of the earliest references to St. Francis' stigmata now preserved to us is that contained in the following note written by the hand of Brother Leo beside the blessing note which his beloved Father Francis traced for him over his own name:

The Blessed Francis, two years before his death, kept a Lent in the hermitage of the Alverna in honour of the Blessed Virgin

¹ It is uncertain whether the reading should be "*Non* diu ante mortem," or "*Nam* diu ante mortem." I follow Mr. Reginald Balfour in preferring the latter.

² I borrow this translation from the late Mr. Reginald Balfour's *Seraphic Keesake*, p. 38. The only text preserved to us seems, unfortunately, somewhat corrupt.

Mary, Mother of God, and Blessed Michael the Archangel, from the feast of the Assumption of St. Mary the Virgin to the feast of St. Michael in September. And the hand of the Lord was laid upon him. After the vision and speech he had of a seraph, and the impression in his body of the Stigmata of Christ, he made these Praises which are written on the other side of the sheet, and with his own hand he wrote them out, giving thanks to God for the favour that had been conferred on him.'

The authenticity of this priceless memorial of the Saint is now, practically speaking, uncontested, and we cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that Brother Leo himself in this autograph note not only vouches for the reality of the stigmata, without, however, describing them in detail, but also expressly assigns their appearance to the forty days' retreat on Mount Alverna "two years before his death." With regard to the nature of the stigmata our main source of information is Thomas of Celano, especially in his first Life of the Saint. This, which was written at earliest two years, and at latest four years, after the death of Francis, had been undertaken by the express command of Pope Gregory IX. The importance which Celano attached to the stigmata is apparent from the concluding sentences of the Life, in which he relinquishes the plural of authorship and recurs to the first person singular used in his prologue. "For the love of the Poor Man who died upon the cross and by His sacred wound-marks which blessed Francis bore in his body, I beseech all who read or hear this story to be mindful before God of me the sinner who wrote it." In this *Vita Prima* the description of the stigmata runs as follows:

And while he (Francis) continued without any clear perception of its meaning (*i.e.*, the vision of the seraph), and the strangeness of the vision was perplexing his breast, marks of nails began to appear in his hands and feet, such as he had seen a little while before in the Man crucified who had stood over him. His hands and feet seemed pierced in the midst by nails, the heads of the nails appearing in the inner part of the hands and in the upper part of the feet and their points over against them. Now these marks were round on the inner side of the hands and elongated on the outer side, and certain small pieces of flesh were seen like the ends of nails bent and driven back, projecting from the rest of the flesh. So also the marks of nails were imprinted in his feet, and raised above the rest of the flesh. Moreover his right side, as it had been pierced

¹ R. Balfour, *Seraphic Keepsake*, p. 67.

by a lance, was overlaid with a scar, and often shed forth blood so that his tunic and drawers were many times sprinkled with the sacred blood.¹

Again in his description of the dead body of Francis, Celano says:

His sinews were not contracted as those of the dead are wont to be, his skin was not hardened, his limbs were not stiffened, but turned this way and that as they were placed. And while he shone with such wondrous beauty in the sight of all, and his flesh had become still more radiant, it was wonderful to see amid his hands and feet, not the prints of the nails but the nails themselves formed out of his flesh and retaining the blackness of iron, and his right side reddened with blood.²

All that I have just quoted in the text was unquestionably written, as already stated, within four years of St. Francis' death. The first notable development of this primitive account (which *pace* M. Sabatier and Dr. Merkt is in no way inconsistent with the letter of Brother Elias) consists in the statement of the Book of Miracles that the nails in the stigmata were in some sense rigid, and that if pushed in on one side they protruded more on the other. To be precise the author says, speaking of the crowds who came to look upon the Saint's body at Assisi:

They beheld the blessed body adorned with Christ's wound-marks, that is to say they saw in the hands and feet not the fissures of the nails but the nails themselves marvellously wrought

¹ I Celano ii. §§ 94—95 (Ed. Alençon), Trans. A. G. Ferrers Howell. As the exact wording of Celano is important, I give the Latin:

"Manus et pedes eius in ipso medio clavis confixi videbantur, clavorum capitibus in interiori parte manuum et superiori pedum apparentibus, et eorum acuminibus existentibus ex adverso. Erant enim signa illa rotunda interius in manibus, exterius autem oblonga, et caruncula quædam apparebat quasi summitas clavorum retorta et reperiussa quæ carnem reliquam excedebat. Sic et in pedibus impressa erant signa clavorum et a carne reliqua elevata." Alençon, p. 98.

Cf. the *Tractatus de Miraculis* which for the last two sentences, as I shall notice later, substitutes the following:

"Erantque clavorum capita in manibus et pedibus rotunda et nigra, ipsorum vero acumina oblonga et reperiussa quæ de ipsa carne surgentia carnem reliquam excedebant," Alençon, p. 344, and further on "videbant non clavorum puncturas sed ipsos clavos ex eius carne virtute divina mirifice fabrifactos, imo carni eidem innatos, qui dum a parte qualibet premerentur, protinus quasi nervi continui ad partem oppositam resultabant." *Ib.* p. 345.

² I Celano ii. § 113 "non clavorum quidem puncturas sed ipsos clavos ex eius carne compositos, ferri retenta nigredine, ac dextrum latus sanguine rubricatum."

by the power of God, indeed implanted (*innatos*) in the flesh itself, in such wise that if they were pressed in on either side they straightway, as if they were one piece of sinew, projected on the other. They also saw his side reddened with blood. We who recount these things ourselves witnessed them, we felt them with the same hands with which we now write, with tear-filled eyes we traced what we confess with our lips, and that which we have once sworn in touching the holy Gospels we proclaim aloud for all time.¹

There seems little room for doubt that the author of the Book of Miracles was Thomas of Celano himself, though mediæval notions of literary responsibility are so strange that I should not venture to affirm too positively that by these words Celano pledges his own credit personally as distinct from that of the eye-witnesses whom he here takes into a sort of literary partnership. We cannot date the treatise very exactly, but it must have been produced during the generalship of John of Parma, *i.e.*, between 1247 and 1257, in any case more than twenty years after the death of St. Francis. Still this testimony of one, who, with an unmistakable reference to the controversy which had arisen regarding the reality of the stigmata, so loudly proclaims himself an eye-witness, is of the highest importance. On the other hand one further addition found in the *Fioretti* but wanting in the earliest accounts, the *Legenda Major* of St. Bonaventure not excepted, leaves an uncomfortable impression that the very strangeness of the miracle opened the door to the acceptance of mythical developments. At any rate we read in the *Fioretti* that after the vision of the Seraph—

Anon in the hands and in the feet of St. Francis the marks of nails began to appear after the same fashion as he had just seen in the body of Jesus Christ crucified, . . . and even so were his hands and his feet pierced through the midst with nails, the heads whereof were in the palms of the hands and in the soles (*sic*) of the feet, outside the flesh, and the points came out through the back of the hands and of the feet, where they showed bent back and clinched on such wise that under the clinching and the bend, which all stood out above the flesh, it would have been easy to put a finger of the hand, as in a ring; and the heads of the nails were round and black.²

¹ Celano (Ed. Alençon), p. 345; Van Ortoy in *Analecta Bollandiana*, XVIII. 81—112 (1899). The Latin text of the more significant words has been given in a previous note.

² *Fioretti*, trans. by W. Heywood, p. 103.

I may confess that, in spite of the endorsement of such a writer as J. Jørgensen,¹ I was at first inclined to look upon the story of these widely curving nail-points, under which a finger could be thrust, as a late accretion. But the description seems beyond question to date back to the *Legenda Minor* of St. Bonaventure, and consequently must be older than 1274. The words used by St. Bonaventure are precise, and the passage is the more remarkable because this detail does not appear in the *Legenda Major* of which the *Legenda Minor* is professedly only a compendium.² In any case this testimony is of the first importance in a study of St. Francis' stigmata.

The heads of the nails in the hands and feet [says St. Bonaventure] were round and black, and the points, which were somewhat long, clinched and bent back, rose up from the flesh itself and stood out clear of the surface. Indeed the clinched portion of the nails beneath the feet was so prominent, and projected so far, that not only did it prevent the soles from being set down freely upon the ground, but a finger of one's hand could easily be inserted in the bend under their curved extremities—so, at least, I myself heard from those who had seen them with their own eyes.³

This is a very astonishing piece of evidence and one hardly knows what to make of it. If it be in literal conformity with the truth, then we must perforce say that St. Francis' stigmata were absolutely unique in the history of such phenomena. In no one, so far as I am aware, of the fifty or sixty well-attested examples of visible stigmata which have been recorded during the past seven centuries, is anything to be met with which can be put in comparison with these rigid protruding nails. If one hesitates to put faith in the accuracy of the description it is not, of course, because there can be any wish to set limits

¹ *St. Francis of Assisi*, Eng. trans. p. 300.

² For more than one reason one might be tempted to suspect that the description of the curving nails is an interpolation of later date, but the editors of the Quaracchi edition of St. Bonaventure's works seem satisfied that the text in the earliest MSS., some of them of the 13th century, stands as we read it now.

³ "Erantque clavorum capita in manibus et pedibus rotunda et nigra, ipsa vero acumina oblonga, retorta et reperiussa, quæ de ipsa carne surgentia, carnem reliquam excedebant. Siquidem reperiussa ipsa clavorum sub pedibus adeo prominens erat et extra protensa, ut non solum plantas solo libere applicari non sineret, verum etiam intra curvationem arcualem ipsorum cacuminum faciliter immitti valeret digitus manus, sicut ab eis ipse accepi, qui oculis propriis conspexerunt." S. Bonaventuræ, *Opera* (Ed. Quaracchi), Vol. VIII. p. 576.

to the Divine Omnipotence. No Christian would question in the abstract God's power, if it pleased Him, to make a new leg or arm grow in the place of one that had been amputated, but in the concrete we might reasonably demand the production of very unexceptionable evidence before a miracle so unexampled in all recorded history could expect to gain credence.¹ The marvel described in St. Bonaventure's *Legenda Minor* and in the *Fioretti* is almost as startling, and it seems to me that there is much excuse for those who find it easier to explain away the language of Bonaventure, and even of Celano, than to accept their statements at their face value. If we confine ourselves to what was written within the first three or four years after the Saint's death we have nothing which cannot easily be paralleled in the descriptions given of the wounds of modern stigmatics. There was, Celano says, an appearance in the palms of the hands of nail-heads black and round. Speaking of the "addolorata" Domenica Lazzari as seen on a Thursday in August, 1834, Dr. dei Cloche says:

About the centre of the exterior of her hands, that is to say between the metacarp of the centre finger and the fourth, there rose a black spot resembling the head of a large nail, the diameter of which was nine lines (a little more than an English inch) and the form perfectly round. It was more elevated in the centre and declined towards the edge; when closely observed, it had the appearance of clotted and dried blood About the centre of the instep of the right foot was a wound similar to that on the hands I could not see the instep of the left foot, because it was firmly pressed, if not entirely covered by the sole of the right foot.²

Similarly one of the witnesses in the Beatification process of the stigmatic, Giovanna Maria Bonomi († 1670) explains how "the flesh of her hands stood out like the head of a nail" (*la carne delle mani se gli era levata in forma della testa*

¹ Dr. Imbert Gourbeyre, *La Stigmatisation*, enumerates 321 cases of stigmatization; but it is to be noted 1) that he includes an immense number of stigmatics who though they may have felt the pain showed no external signs of wounds and 2) that the evidence is often unsatisfactory even where all five wounds are said to have been visible.

² *Letter of the Earl of Shrewsbury* etc., Lond., 1842, p. 57. Dr. dei Cloche was at this time Medical Superintendent and Director of the Ospitale Civico-Militare of the City of Trent. The Report from which this extract is made appeared in the *Annali Universali di Medicina*, a leading medical journal of Milan, in 1837, Nov., Vol. 84, pp. 255 seq. I have compared the translation with the original. It will be noticed that the nail in the hand was on the wrong side.

d'un chiodo). It is true that we are told in this case that the swelling was red (*vermiglia*), but if there was any incrustation of blood from the wound a darkening of colour must at times have been inevitable. Of similar round "nail-heads" in such cases many other examples could be cited from the description of stigmata at all periods. With regard to the appearance of clinching on the other side, Celano's language in the *Vita Prima* when attentively considered amounts to very little. He tells of marks that were long rather than round, and of a *caruncula quæ carnem reliquam excedebat*, in other words of a sort of little fleshy ridge which was raised above the surface. Mr. T. W. Allies, who visited Domenica Lazzari in July, 1847, some few years before he entered the Catholic Church, wrote immediately afterwards to a friend:

On the outside of both hands, as they lie clasped together, in a line with the second finger, about an inch from the knuckle, is a hard scar, of dark colour, rising above the flesh, half an inch in length by about three-eighths of an inch in width; round these the skin slightly reddened, but quite free from blood. From the position of the hands it is not possible to see well inside, but stooping down on the right of her bed I could almost see an incision answering to the outward one and apparently deeper.¹

Let it be noted in passing that in Domenica Lazzari's case no doubt can exist regarding the wounds in the palms of the hands. They were seen again and again by several witnesses, many of whom declared that the wound went right through.² The main point, however, is that in some modern stigmatics the wounds have exhibited at normal times (*i.e.*, apart from the periodical bleeding on Fridays) the appearance of a dark raised cicatrice. This may also well have been the case with St. Francis, with the peculiarity that the scar in the palms and insteps was circular, while that on the back of the hand and the soles of the feet was narrower and more oblong. A slight difference of shape between back and front would probably have sufficed to persuade mediæval observers, awe-stricken in the presence of this unheard-of marvel, that what they saw were nails formed out of the substance of the victim's flesh. Moreover in twenty years' time such an idea, once suggested, would have taken firm root and developed new details

¹ *Journal in France and Italy*, Lond., 1849, p. 131.

² *Letter of the Earl of Shrewsbury*, p. 33. F. Nicolas, *L'extatique et les Stigmatisés du Tyrol*, Paris, 1844, pp. 4, 124, 224.

until the witnesses who actually had beheld the marvel of the wound-marks were ready in perfect good faith to pledge their solemn word that there were not only scars but counterfeit nails protruding at the back, under the curve of which it was possible to insert a whole finger. I hope I am not taking too unflattering a view of the treacherous quality of human memory, if I affirm, as the result of some years study of historical evidence, that in every considerable body of men there are not a few individuals who, without conscious insincerity, are capable of similar self-deception. Unfortunately when it is a question of doing honour to the dead or of advocating a cause, it is the more wonderful story which is the more acceptable. The man who mistrusts his memory or who expresses doubts goes unheeded, but the bold and picturesque assertion is welcomed, remembered, quoted, and not unfrequently improved upon.

What lends in my opinion very considerable support to this view of St. Francis' stigmata is the character of the early representations of them in art. The venerable and distinguished artist, Mr. N. H. J. Westlake, F.S.A., a convert to Catholicism now of sixty-two years standing, published some time ago a monograph on *The Authentic Portraiture of St. Francis of Assisi*. In this he also includes admirable reproductions of the five earliest portraits of the Saint. One of these is believed to date from before 1220 and consequently shows no stigmata, but the other four give prominence to this feature, and in each case the wounds are represented simply as circular, without, so far as I can see, the slightest suggestion of nails clinched at the back. Now the picture by Giunta Pisano is ascribed to about the year 1230, four years after the Saint's death. It shows the backs of the hands quite clearly, but the wounds are simply round spots. Again, the panel at Pescia, by Bonaventura Berlingheri, is clearly dated 1235. It exhibits the inside of one hand and the outside of the other, but to my eyes the spot in both is circular, that on the palm seeming slightly larger than that on the back. Strange to say, Mr. Westlake remarks:

This plate represents the picture now at Pescia, which is singular from the circumstance that one hand has been turned so as to show the inside and the formation of the point of the nail turned down, which form, it is asserted, the flesh assumed. It is so described in the Bull of Alexander IV. (1255), which says that "in his hands and in his feet he had most certainly nails, well-

formed, of his own flesh, or of a substance newly produced." It is difficult to recognize this in the photograph, but to show this formation was undoubtedly the object of the reversion of the hand: and it is still evident in the picture itself as one gathers from eye-witnesses. In his other hand the Saint holds a book.¹

But if there is any suggestion of the clinching of the nail points, this is seen in the *palm* of the hand, not the back, and consequently on the wrong side. The photograph of Berlingheri's picture, so far as I can detect, shows nothing of this clinching, neither does the engraving of the same panel in the sumptuously illustrated work, *St. François d'Assisi*.² Similarly the two enamels in the Louvre, which M. H. Matrod assigns to an even earlier date (1228—1230), exhibit the stigmata indeed, but simply as round marks in the hands and feet.³

It seems to me, then, that we cannot safely take our stand, as does for example Father Michael Bihl,⁴ upon the alleged unique character of St. Francis' stigmata, holding them to have been not merely wounds but an actual fleshy growth which imitated the nails of the crucifixion. Father Bihl maintains, no doubt rightly enough, that his understanding of the facts is fatal to any naturalistic interpretation. No power of auto-suggestion, no abnormal pathological conditions could enable a contemplative to evolve from the flesh of his hands and feet four horny excrescences in the form of nails, piercing his extremities and clinched at the back. Such a manifestation, if it occurs, must surely be held miraculous. The question, however, is whether the evidence allows us to affirm the existence of these excrescences. There are numerous examples among the stigmatics of later date of the occurrence of raised scars, and there seems no reason why these should not so differ in form, front and back, as to suggest to eyes already overwhelmed by the marvel, the head of a nail in one case and the point in another. Let us take an illustration from one of the most recent of modern stigmatics, Gemma Galgani, who was born in 1878 and died in 1903. The following account, which is that given by her confessor and biographer, Padre Germano di S. Stanislao, C.P., will be of interest in spite of its length, for it illustrates

¹ Westlake, *Authentic Portraiture of St. Francis*, p. 16.

² Paris, 4to, 1885, p. 277. I have looked at H. Thode's *Franz von Assisi und die Anfänge der Kunst*, &c., but he gives no help.

³ H. Matrod, *Deux émaux franciscains*, 1906.

⁴ Bihl in *Archivum Franciscanum*, 1910, pp. 430—431, and cf. *Historisches Jahrbuch*, p. 541 note.

strikingly the phenomenon of stigmatization in general, apart from its special bearing upon the point with which we are for the moment concerned.

From this day forward the phenomenon continued to repeat itself on the same day every week, namely on Thursday evening about eight o'clock and continued until three o'clock on Friday afternoon. No preparation preceded it; no sense of pain or impression in those parts of the body affected by it; nothing announced its approach except the recollection of spirit that preceded the ecstasy. Scarcely had this come as a forerunner than red marks showed themselves on the backs and palms of both hands; and under the epidermis a rent in the flesh was seen to open by degrees; *this was oblong on the backs of the hands and irregularly round in the palms.* After a little the membrane burst and on those innocent hands were seen marks of flesh wounds. *The diameter of these in the palms was about half an inch, and on the backs of the hands the wound was about five-eighths of an inch long by one-eighth wide.*

Sometimes the laceration appeared to be only on the surface; at other times it was scarcely perceptible with the naked eye; but as a rule it was very deep, and seemed to pass through the hand—the openings on both sides reaching each other. I say seemed to pass, because those cavities were full of blood, partly flowing and partly congealed, and when the blood ceased to flow they closed immediately, so that it was not easy to sound them without a probe. Now this instrument was never used; both because of the reverential delicacy inspired by the Ecstatic in her mysterious state, and because the violence of the pain made her keep her hands convulsively closed, also because the wounds in the palms of her hands were covered by a swelling that at first looked like clotted blood, whereas it was found to be fleshy, hard and like the head of a nail raised and detached and about an inch in diameter. In her feet, besides the wounds being large and livid around the edges, their size in an inverse sense differed from those of her hands; that is, there was a larger diameter on the instep and a smaller one on the sole; furthermore, the wound in the instep of the right foot was as large as that in the sole of the left. Thus it must certainly have been with our Saviour, supposing that both His Sacred Feet were fixed to the Cross with only one nail.¹

One feature which was specially remarkable in Gemma Galgani was the manner of the disappearance of the stigmata each week. In many cases, as for example in that of Domenica Lazzari, referred to above, the stigmata, when the

¹ *Life of Gemma Galgani.* Translated by A. M. O'Sullivan, O.S.B., with an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet (Sands and Co.), p. 62.

flow of blood ceased, remained nevertheless very perceptible in the form of a raised cicatrice or a conspicuous white or red scar. In Gemma's case at ordinary times hardly any trace was to be seen of the marvellous phenomenon, which was of weekly occurrence.

As soon [says Fr. Germanus] as the ecstasy of the Friday was over the flow of blood from all the five wounds ceased immediately; the raw flesh healed; the lacerated tissues healed too, and the following day, or at latest on the Sunday, not a vestige remained of those deep cavities, neither at their centres, nor around their edges; the skin having grown quite uniformly with that of the uninjured part.¹

It may be well to add that even in the same subject the phenomena of stigmatization are not always uniform. In Gemma Galgani this was especially the case with regard to the "fleshy nail-heads" in the palms of the hands, described in the above quotation. Father Germanus is at pains to insist upon this point. He says:

In order to be accurate, I wish to mention here, as I said before when treating of this particular (the nail-heads), that this last phenomenon was only observed a few times, and only in the palms of the hands, never on the feet; and that occasionally the stigmata bled without any laceration of the surface. The fleshy nail-heads, however, showed themselves, though seldom, and the deep wounds were the more usual state of Gemma Galgani's stigmata. I say, the more usual state.²

In juxtaposition to this carefully weighed statement, made by one who was the continuous observer of Gemma's ecstasies, it is interesting to set down the account given by Dr. Gerald Molloy in 1873 of the stigmata of Louise Lateau.³ After describing how when a certain amount of blood had exuded

¹ *Life of Gemma Galgani*, p. 65.

² *Ibid.* p. 416. This curious feature of fleshy nail-heads is not without a parallel. Madame Miollis of Villecroze in Provence, a stigmatic, who had these experiences about 1840 but died only in 1877, is stated to have shown at one time bleeding patches in the hands without any apparent rupture of the epidermis, at others deep wounds, and in particular stigmata "qui se présentaient quelquefois sous la forme d'une tête de gros clou." These phenomena, which used to manifest themselves quite suddenly on such days as Good Friday and at other penitential seasons, were carefully studied by a certain Dr. Reverdit. This account, preserved in part in A. N. Veyland's *Les Plaies Sanglantes du Christ*, is of quite remarkable interest. See Veyland, pp. 391 and 398, 399.

³ Dr. Molloy was afterwards Rector of University College, Stephen's Green, Dublin. He was not only a theologian but a scientist of distinction.

from the wounds, the spectators wiped it away with linen cloths brought for the purpose, Dr. Molloy continues:

The nature of the stigmata was then more distinctly seen. They are oval marks of a bright red hue, appearing on the back and palm of each hand about the centre. Speaking roughly each stigma is about an inch in length and somewhat more than half an inch in breadth. There is no wound properly so-called, but the blood seemed to force its way through the unbroken skin. In a very short time, sufficient blood had flowed again to gratify the devotion of other pilgrims, who applied their handkerchiefs as had been done before, until all the blood had been wiped away a second time. This process was repeated several times during the course of our visit.¹

Much capital has been made controversially of the fact that in Louise Lateau's case there were no real flesh wounds but only "de petites plaies dorsales et palmaires qui reposent sur de légères indurations mobiles." Dr. Dumas, for example, in the *Revue des deux Mondes* has made this admitted fact the basis of his theory that a local hæmorrhage of this nature can be explained by suggestion and purely pathological conditions.² But there are many well observed cases of stigmatization which exhibit wounds of a quite different character, much more radical and deep seated. Gemma Galgani supplies one instance in point, Domenica Lazzari, also mentioned above, furnishes another.³ To take an eighteenth-century example, it seems certain that at times the hands of Saint Maria Francesca delle Cinque Piaghe were completely perforated in the places of the stigmata. At any rate one of her confessors, Don Paschal Nitti, deposed upon oath in the process of Beatification:

I have seen them, I have touched them, and to say the truth I, as the apostle St. Thomas did, have put in my finger into the wounds of her hands and I have seen that the hole extended right through, for in inserting my first finger into the wound it

¹ *A Visit to Louise Lateau*, p. 26. Lond. 1873. This little book gives an admirably clear account of the phenomena and an abstract of Dr. Lefebvre's medical study of the case.

² *Revue des deux Mondes*, May 1st, 1907, p. 208.

³ Dr. dei Cloche says of her "These openings were real wounds, or, if you will, deep and living ulcers, but without purulency, or any indication of matter. The blood which came forth was healthy, flowing, viscous, and perfectly resembled arterial blood." (*Letter of Earl of Shrewsbury*, p. 61.) The French version describes the bleeding wounds as "des trous dans la chair." (Veyland, p. 277.)

met the thumb which I held underneath on the other side of the hand, (*mentre nel porre l'indice dentro la piaga s'incontrava col pollice che tenevo sottoposto dall' altra parte della mano*). And this experiment I have made in many Lents, and on many Fridays in March, because it was on such days that the said wounds were most fully developed.¹

It must, I think, be obvious enough that these are not mere cases of rubefaction and vesication. Whatever such investigators as Bourru, Burot, Charcot and Bourneville have succeeded in producing by suggestion in their hysterical patients falls very far short of what is recorded of Gemma Galgani, Domenica Lazzari and a dozen more whose manifestations cannot here be described.

But to return to St. Francis. If the orifices of his wounds, like those of Gemma Galgani, were round in front and narrow behind, and if they had closed, as in many other recorded cases, by leaving a raised scab or scar where blood had previously flowed we should undoubtedly have something which on one side resembled the head of a nail, and on the other the point of the nail beaten down. This supposition, it seems to me, will suffice to explain the language of Celano's *Vita Prima* and I do not know that we can safely ask for more.

It will at the same time be understood that the historical evidence leaves us absolutely no ground for doubting the reality of St. Francis' wound-marks. I am only contending that they are probably identical in nature with the phenomena observed in many later stigmatics. The element of the marvellous in all the best attested cases is sufficiently pronounced to need no emphasizing. We can certainly assert with confidence that the wounds could not possibly have been self-inflicted either consciously or unconsciously, and the material conditions have nearly always been such that collusion or fraud are unthinkable. It is difficult to suppose that any impartial inquirer could look into the evidence available, let us say, in the case of Domenica Lazzari, without being deeply impressed by its strangeness. We have here a crowd of witnesses, men of position and intelligence, like Bertram Earl of Shrewsbury, the Archbishop of Sidney, T. W. Allies, Dr. Weedall, Canon Doyle, M. Cazalès, and a number of other French, English, and German pilgrims. They pay their visits at different times, form their impres-

¹ Process, *Novissima Positio super Virtutibus, Responsio*, p. 78.

sions quite independently, and yet all attest the same wonderful phenomena which it was well within their competence to observe. They see the dry scars on the Thursday, and on the Friday the "addolorata" in agony, the wounds streaming with blood, and always at the same hour; they note the poverty of the surroundings, they bear witness to her shrinking from all notoriety, they agree in their accounts of more than one marvellous detail which seems in direct contravention of the physical laws of the universe. They at least convince us that a problem is there of the deepest and most complex nature, whether we look to the supernatural for an explanation or seek to invoke some abnormal psychic force of which the world has hitherto been ignorant.

HERBERT THURSTON.

DONEGAL

I LOVE thee for the sorrow of thy moors,
Thy long, rough roadways winding to the sea,
The beat of waves upon thy lone grey shores.
I love thee for the peace thou gavest me,
Thy nights of dream, thy dawns so clear and still,
Sweet with the peat breath and the waking breeze
In that wild garden underneath the hill
Where sparrows twittered through the apple trees.

I love thee for thy utter silences
And not for any voice that spoke my name,
Nor any steps that trod thy wilderness
With mine or stirred my spirit when they came.
I love thee—not for any memory
Nor any dream of love my spirit had.
No happy shadows haunt thy shores for me
And all my memories of thee are sad.

But yet I love thy roadways—bleak and lone,
That little windy chapel by the sea
Where emerald ferns spring from the wall's grey stone
And a worn gate swings—creaking wearily.
Peace of my heart thou art. No human love
Shadows thy shores or haunts thy glens for me.
I only see thy hills, God's Heaven above
And Heaven sweeping down to meet the sea.

JOAN RUNDALL.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

REMINISCENCES OF FATHER GERARD HOPKINS.

HAVING had the joy of his friendship, I will jot down here a few personal reminiscences of this odd but gifted man, with whom I was in constant intercourse whilst we studied philosophy and theology together.

Gerard Hopkins was a slight man, with a narrow face, prominent chin and nose, brown hair and—what may surprise those who know him only by his poetry—a somewhat girlish manner. He was a delightful companion, full of high spirits and innocent fun. One instance of his wit I recall. Once, while in Ireland, he called on a certain parish priest, the Rev. Father Wade, and was hospitably pressed to stay for dinner. Father Hopkins, an exact observer of discipline, replied that he had no leave to dine out. "Is that all?" said Father Wade. "Well now, I'll take the whole responsibility upon myself." "Ah, yes," said Father Hopkins, "you may be Wade; but *I* shall be found wanting."

He was a very close observer of Nature, and had a marvellous power of recording his impressions. He has left behind him in his Diaries some glowing descriptions of sky scenery, real triumphs of delicate word-painting, which I hope may some day be given to the public.

That he had the soul of a poet is obvious; but his poems themselves, with some happy exceptions, are like leaves from the sketch-book of a Michael Angelo, full of tremendous power, yet rough and often rudely grotesque, mere suggestions of perfect thoughts and striking turns of expression, which should have been worked up and finished off at leisure in the studio.

But somehow or other the grotesque had an overbearing attraction for this Michael Angelo of verse—and such he ought to have been, had he but condescended to write plain English. As it was, he wilfully set all tradition at defiance, and so the more he laboured at his subject the more obscure it became. Yet he did not repent. It was of his poem on St. Alphonsus Rodriguez that, as recorded in Miss Guiney's luminous appreciation in *THE MONTH* for March, he writes to his old friend, Mr. Bridges:—"The sonnet (I say it snorting) aims at being intelligible."

Not that he was unable to appreciate a simple style. He once showed me certain early poems of that other lifelong friend of his, Canon Dixon, which I thought very lovely; and Father Hopkins

admired them as much as I did. In truth, he himself wrote at times with charming directness.

It has been said—he used to say it himself—that his verses need for proper appreciation to be read aloud by one who has mastered their eccentricities. Well, I heard the bard himself read parts of "The Wreck of the Deutschland," which he was writing at the time, and could understand hardly one line of it.

Is it not strange that this and "Penmaen Pool" should have come from the same workshop?

The wildest of all his wild freaks is that, with a notably pure Saxon vocabulary, he chooses to cast his sentences and phrases into Latin order, the fanciful order of Latin verse. Thus—

"The rolling level underneath him steady air"

means

The steady air rolling level underneath him.

"In wide the world's weal"

stands for

In the wide world's weal,

or

In the world's wide weal.

It may perhaps be a question whether this highly artificial arrangement is a beautiful feature even in Latin verse. Still there one always has unmistakable inflections as a clue to the meaning, whereas in English one is left floundering in a bog.

I once wrote to my friend from Demerara, describing the Feast of Lanterns, as celebrated there by the resident Chinese. His reply was a learned disquisition on Chinese music, God save the mark! discussing its peculiar tonality, and claiming for it merits which had certainly escaped my observation. Everything bizarre had a charm for this whimsical genius. But the pure gold in his work, to use Patmore's image, more than reconciles us to the plentiful and unlovely quartz.

C. B.

THE FASCINATION OF THE OBSCURE.

TWENTY years ago we should have said that it was impossible that the crude materialism of, say Haeckel or Ray Lankester, the materialism in which mind figures only as a function of matter, could under any circumstances seem the less objectionable of two anti-Christian beliefs. At the present moment after a considerable experience of the literature of New Thought, Theosophy, Occultism, and other kindred 'isms, we feel almost a kindliness for the plain speech of men like Huxley or Edward Clodd, if only as a contrast to the sloppy incoherencies which pervade these other self-styled "systems" from the first page to the last. What is it that finds purchasers for these books, and disciples for the writers of them? Even under the

present very unfavourable conditions of the publishing trade, works dealing with the mystical and the occult issue from the press in ever increasing numbers. Clearly this type of literature must *pay*. Barring an occasional fanatic, publishers as a race take a severely commercial view of the books they produce. Considering them as a whole such volumes are not brought out at a loss. Whether the authors who write the books make as good a thing of it as the firms who print and circulate them we have no means of learning. Mrs. Eddy, the foundress of Christian Science, whose genius for finance was such that she might under other circumstances have been a leader in Israel—or in Wall Street, made a fortune of something like a million dollars out of *Science and Health* and the various dilutions of that immortal work. But then Mrs. Eddy was her own publisher and also her own pope. No doubt that lady is unique and unapproachable, but she has now plenty of imitators, and the most striking fact of all is the increase in the number of publishers who devote themselves almost exclusively to this special line of business.

Meditating upon the problem involved in all this we are distinctly of opinion that for the minds which are fascinated by the literature of which we are speaking the principal attraction lies in the impossibility of understanding it. Its haziness, its indefiniteness, its use of exotic terms to which everyone attaches the meaning he best pleases, the absence of all precise dogmas, but on the other hand the general suggestion of things unutterable, this we believe to be the form of religious emotion which in the chaos created by the decay of all true conviction and the overthrow of moral standards makes the greatest appeal to the man and still more to the woman of second-rate intelligence in this twentieth century. Do we not find much the same conditions prevailing in the realm of literature and of music and of art? Could the Futurists and the Cubists and the Vorticists and the Post-Impressionists have found a public willing even to discuss their performances seriously if it were not that a large section of aspirants to culture had laid down the canon that obscurity is the hall-mark of genius? Any platitude, any extravagance, any outrage upon conventions will be received with acclaim provided only the author wraps himself in a cloud of mystery and conveys subtly to his hearers that he is speaking in terms of which the inner circle of adepts alone can fathom the meaning.

Naturally the adventurer of genius has not been slow to take advantage of this condition of things. Anyone who made acquaintance before the War with the publications of Mr. Aleister Crowley, and especially with his imposing periodical *The Equinox*, will know how that consummate performer has persistently put his

tongue in his cheek and fooled his public to the top of their bent. The mystic robes of the School of Silence after all are only a feeble parody of the "ceremonial apparel" recommended "to the members of the A. . . A. . . and its adepts and aspirants." The Probationer's Robe, which at pre-war prices cost £5 and in a superior quality £7, is fitted, we are told, "for the performance of all general invocations and especially for the 1 of the H. G. A., a white and gold nemmes may be worn. These robes may also be worn by Assistant Magi in all composite rituals of the White." Similarly we learn—

The Adeptus' Robe [it costs £10] is fitted for the particular workings of the Adeptus, and for the Postulant at the First Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Major's Robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Evocations of the Inferiors, for the performance of the rites of Mars, and for the Postulant at the Second Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Exemptus' Robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Invocations of the Superiors, for the performance of the rites of Jupiter and for the Postulant at the Third Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

But what has especially led us to embark upon these remarks is the reception of the second, apparently of a projected series of seven bulky volumes, designated *Theon Sophia*, by Holden Edward Sampson, at one time a clergyman, but now the author of a long series of works which seem to be a cross between mysticism and astrology. We noticed the first volume in a recent issue, and we only propose here to use a page of this second instalment of the work to give an idea of the rubbish that the modern religious eclectic can be induced to purchase. We find it difficult to believe that he actually reads it. We reproduce Mr. Sampson's typographical presentment as closely as possible. Every single page of the 383 in the volume presents similar extravagances in the use of capitals.

2. *Master*.—Define the SPIRIT, or CHRIST-WITHIN?

Disciple.—The SPIRIT, or CHRIST-WITHIN, is in every creature, according to its stage of Evolution, the DIVINE GERM of the TRUE ORGANISM, or MICROCOSM; Indissolubly and Integrally Related to the WHOLE MICROCOSM. The SPIRIT is the EMBRYONIC CENTRE OF LIFE AND ORGANIC FUNCTION IN THE BEING (owing to the fact that it is GOD, CENTRED IN EACH ONE OF HIS OFFSPRING). The SPIRIT Functions as the DIVINE BATTERY OF THOUGHT AND ACTION; Eternally Linked to the DIVINE DYNAMO of JESUS CHRIST, THE ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON OF GOD, THE PRIME MEDIATOR BETWEEN GOD AND THE UNIVERSE, communicating the DIVINE ESSENCE and SUB-

STANCE which constitutes the Forms of all creatures. Every THOUGHT of JESUS CHRIST Vibrates in the ETHER, and Pulsates in the Sensoria of the FOUR BODIES of all NORMAL CREATURES, and of all RE-GENERATED DISCIPLES AND INITIATES OF THE PATH OF THE DIVINE MYSTERIES. All such are PERFECT BATTERIES, Registering and Reflecting the LOGOS, or THOUGHT of GOD THE FATHER, through the DYNAMO OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. The SPIRIT, or CHRIST-WITHIN, is the FOUNTAIN OF LIFE in the MICROCOSM.

A little of such rubbish goes a long way, and we leave the quotation there.

H. T.

CATHOLIC SOLIDARITY.

FROM time to time in this and other Catholic periodicals the question is raised—Why is it that members of the Church, united as they are in belief and moral practice, *i.e.*, having an identical outlook on life and its purpose and the same definite standard of conduct to guide them, do not manifest that unity more in matters outside the direct scope of their religion, yet still necessarily affected by its influence? Why do they seem to delight in compensating, so to speak, for their rigid uniformity of religious creed by exercising their liberty to the utmost wherever obedience is not of strict obligation? The fact is, we think, beyond dispute. About this time last year¹ we discussed this phenomenon and showed how the fortunes of the Faith suffer, not so much from the apathy of believers, though that is lamentable enough, as from their strange reluctance to combine in promoting various works of zeal. The economy of energy that comes from union is almost wholly overlooked. Thus with few exceptions our Catholic Associations are diocesan, and therefore their outlook tends to be parochial. Now the diocesan system is God's providential arrangement for the government of His Church and in matters purely ecclesiastical it is admirably effective. But in external affairs the strength and vigour of any particular diocesan Society, unless it is acting in co-ordination with others, only serves to emphasize the haphazard and local character of Catholic action. The Church is bigger than the diocese; it is the Church as a whole that has to meet the attacks of the world, and, to do so with the best effect, it must act in each country as an organized whole. Never has combination been more necessary than now, when under the plough and harrow of God's wrath the earth has been so terribly prepared for the sowing of the Word: never has there been greater need for well-directed energy and economy of effort, for the task is as mighty as the opportunity.

¹ See, *Catholic Confederation*: THE MONTH, July, 1918, p. 58.

It is doubtless a realization of this fact that has prompted a remarkable step lately taken by the Hierarchy of the United States. If we find co-operation difficult here, how much greater must the difficulty be in that vast continental community. But the American Bishops are resolved to overcome that difficulty. The venerable Cardinal Gibbons lately signalized the Golden Jubilee of his episcopate by putting before his episcopal brethren, assembled to the number of over sixty in honour of the occasion,¹ a scheme for co-ordinating Catholic action in all matters of importance throughout the States. This policy has had the emphatic approval of the Pope, who commended it in a special letter of great weight, and it is remarkable both for its comprehensiveness and the practical wisdom of its machinery. We can only indicate its scope by giving from the Cardinal's letter the various items which are embraced by the general title "Catholic Interests and Affairs." These are—1. The Holy See. 2. Home Missions. 3. Foreign Missions. 4. Social and Charitable Work. 5. The Catholic University. 6. Catholic Education in general. 7. Catholic Literature. 8. Catholic Press. 9. Legislation. 10. A Catholic Bureau. 11. Finances. Thus the whole field of contact between the Church and the world is covered, and, with the ground of operations so clearly marked out, it will be easier to enroll and marshall the Catholic hosts for the campaign. The ecclesiastical organization of the Church provides the fundamental machinery: it remains to utilize it to the full. The American Bishops have resolved henceforth to meet annually in consultation. This is done of course in many other countries. Here the Episcopate meet in each Low Week: the Irish Bishops have their annual Maynooth meeting. We are not aware of any similar gathering in France: perhaps a hostile Government is the obstacle. But what is new, or at any rate more fully developed in the American scheme than elsewhere, is the provision of a Standing Committee of the Hierarchy to be practically in continuous session, whose business will be to collect information on the questions indicated, prepare points for discussion at the annual meetings, and see that what is resolved upon is actually done. It is easy to see what advantage this scheme will confer upon the American Church in dealing with the general problems with which she is everywhere faced. Of course, such a plan cannot be carried out without the active assistance of the laity. What that means the performance of the Knights of Columbus during the war, detailed in our weekly papers, abundantly shows. With the Bishops in close touch with each other through their Committee and its Bureau, both harmony of action and economy

¹ This was actually the first formal gathering of the American Episcopate since the Third Council of Baltimore in 1854.

of force will be secured, and the beneficial influence of the Church on its environment will be greatly increased.

This advance in the United States must greatly encourage those amongst us who are aiming at confederating our forces. Several Societies are already supra-diocesan—the C.T.S., the C.S.G., the C.W.L., the Catenians, the C.Y.M.S., the S.V.P.—all that these need, and they all need it badly, is a larger membership and more adequate support. But there is no general organization linking together the various Diocesan Federations, or dealing with such subjects as After-Care, Temperance, Aids to Converts and Prisoners, Rescue Work, etc. And as regards the non-Diocesan bodies, even these, though they have distinct objects, have also many points in common, and might well form members of a general Confederation of Societies whose united voice on such questions as Education, Marriage and the Family, Socialism, etc., would do much to enlighten the non-Catholic world. If an *Internationale* preaching a gospel of hate can come into effective existence, surely within the limits of one country the gospel of love can unite all the forces of Catholicism.

J. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

How to perfect the Peace.

The cyclone of the war has passed but the atmosphere is yet far from calm. Cynics have enumerated some score of sporadic after-eddies, "little wars" springing up here and there all over the area of the great conflict. And many observers profess to find in the Peace Terms themselves the fertile seeds of future quarrels. That the treaty is not perfect the most optimistic must admit. The nations that made it are not perfect; not one amongst them has proved its sincerity by any considerable sacrifice: rather, the aim of each has been to pursue its own advantage short of open breach with the others. The principles which the Allies professed—the right of national autonomy, the rejection of the rule of force, the recognition of international law, the abandonment of exploiting undeveloped peoples, the abolition of the "right" of conquest and annexation—have been somewhat watered down in their application, simply because no nation has dared to act on a higher moral standard than its neighbours, and the general level is low. Each regards the rest in the old light, viz., as unfriendly rivals, competitors for the wealth and honour of this world, not as confederates working directly for the good of humanity and therefore, most effectively, each for the good of its own citizens. So the Peace at best is an imperfect instrument, capable, indeed, if men wish, of being made much more just and stable by means of the League of Nations;

capable, too, of developing into an imperialistic alliance, unless the peoples determine to have done once for all with the pagan notion of Empire, recognizing that every nation, like every individual and on the same grounds, has a right to integrity and independence. General Smuts, who even in the height of the war-fever maintained a true Christian outlook, and who tried in vain, as one of the plenipotentiaries, to give expression in the Peace to the ideals he fought for, was induced finally to sign by the consideration that "the real peace of the peoples ought to follow, complete and amend the peace of the Statesmen."¹ He justly points out that the colossal efforts and sacrifices needed to overthrow Prussian militarism have overthrown much more besides, namely, the whole political and economic fabric of Central and Eastern Europe, and shaken the basis of civilization in every land. "For civilization is one body and we are all members of one another." Consequently all our energies should be employed, now that we have achieved our aim, in restoring the good and remedying the evil of the old order, not by any means in perpetuating the causes of dissension and hostility between nations. The great lesson of the war is "that not in separate ambitions or in selfish domination but in common service for the great human causes lies the true path of national progress." Therefore, whatever is opposed to this doctrine should be itself opposed and destroyed.

**German Acceptance
of the
Peace Terms.**

General Smuts postulates as a necessary preliminary to the establishment of a new international order that "the Germans must convince our peoples of their good faith, of their complete sincerity, through a real honest effort to fulfil their obligations under the Treaty to the extent of their ability." Happily that assurance was given in a proclamation to the German people by Herr Ebert and the Cabinet, even before the Treaty was signed: "Preserve and guard peace for us now. The first requisite for this is the fulfilment of the Treaty. Every effort must be made to fulfil the Treaty. So far as it is possible to carry it into effect, it must be carried into effect."² And it was emphasized immediately after by the German Foreign Minister:

It cannot be too often repeated [he said³] that Germany set her signature under the Treaty of Versailles without reserve. Since we have the whole world as counter-contracting parties, there can be no question of evasion in the execution of the Treaty. Here, if nowhere else in the world, the proverb applies, that honesty is the best policy. Honesty

¹ Statement on his signing the Peace Treaty. *Times*, June 23, 1919.

² *Times*, June 26, 1919. ³ *Times* report, July 9th.

in carrying out the terms of this peace is for us not only a requirement of morality, but also of political advantage, and I will combat any policy as pernicious which is not based on this principle.

And if it be said that these words, however authoritative, are merely words and that large classes of our late foes remain unrepentant and hostile, we ask, how could it be otherwise? What Government speaks for the whole of the people? The Prussian Junkers and the military party don't own defeat! Well, if it is a virtue in an Englishman not to know when he is beaten, why is the like ignorance a vice in a German? The Treaty has no doubt been accepted under protest, and the Germans would not be human if they did not desire its revision and mitigation in time. It is for the Allies to convert that forced acquiescence into a more willing acceptance by proving that they too have discarded all trace of international "Prussianism." The other day Herr Bauer, the German Premier, again solemnly protested Germany's conversion and her good faith:

The task to-day embodies the future—namely, the fulfilment, the discharge and finally the revision of the Treaty of Versailles. . . . We must energetically combat and put down the yell for vengeance, which has been resounding since the signing of the Peace Treaty in that small group which knows no finer ideal than that of the old Empire armed to the teeth and mighty by reason of the number of its bayonets.¹

These, we repeat, are words, and until they are translated into deeds the Allies are fully justified in maintaining their Armies on the Rhine. But it is common sense as well as Christianity not to hinder the regeneration of Germany by continuing to abuse the German people indiscriminately for the sins of the militarists now finally disowned, or by exhibiting in our own conduct, as so many of our Press and platform jingoes do, the racial arrogance for which we blame them.

**The Socialist
Menace
in Germany.**

Herr Bauer's speech from which we have quoted contains other passages not so admirable. The Premier is a Socialist and aims at making the German Democratic Republic a Socialist State.

That he is not so extreme as the Independent Socialists, whose model is the mad anarchy of Russia, does not make his ideal much more reasonable. Hitherto Germany has been a State organized for war; under Herr Bauer it will be a State organized for commerce. If ever his policy develops he will find that it comes to

¹ Speech in the German National Assembly, July 23: *Times* report, July 24th.

the same thing. Sooner or later Mammon will feel the need of his ally Mars. Nothing more readily leads to war than unrestrained commercial rivalry, and a trading State devoid of military power has no prospect of success. So although the Socialists are in the saddle at the moment, and predominate in Germany's coalition Government, it does not follow that they can socialize the country. Catholics form one-third of the population, and if ever German Austria joins the Republic they will be in even greater proportion. Catholics will insist on religious education in their schools, and, if they could successfully withstand Bismarck with all the force of the military Empire behind him, they are not likely to succumb to a chance and unstable majority of Socialists. Catholic Germany will no longer be brow-beaten by Prussia, and, if the Democratic Republic is to hold together, it must be on a basis of justice whether in religious matters or economic. *The Times* Berlin correspondent, yielding to that "anti-clerical" obsession which too often colours his class, has tried to injure the Catholic party, now by the way no longer called the Centre but the "Christian Democratic People's Party," by representing it as tyrannizing over its temporary ally, the Social Democrats.¹ When we realize that what the Catholics are insisting upon in the face of Socialist opposition is religious education in their schools, we realize also the *animus* and the stupidity of a Press, which in order to gratify anti-Catholic spite will not scruple to foster abroad the very disorder that is so menacing at home,—irreligious materialism. The peace of Europe depends on the stability of the German Republic, threatened on the one side by the dispossessed militarist and on the other by Bolshevism. It is surely in the best interests of the Allies to strengthen the hands of the Christian Democrats.

**The Trial
of
the ex-Kaiser.**

No clause in the Peace Terms is more in accord with justice than that which proposes to arraign and punish the ex-Kaiser and the more responsible of his advisers and agents for the crime and the crimes of the war. Justice demands the punishment of the guilty, yet no one can fairly be punished if the chief criminals are to go scot free. But the purpose of the trial has been widely misunderstood. It has been, presumably, undertaken by the Allies not to establish the guilt of the accused, which is notorious, but to determine the degree of guilt and measure of punishment and to pronounce sentence in accordance with legal form. In every civilized country the most unmistakable criminal is tried before sentence, not merely to establish his moral responsibility but also to vindicate publicly the law which he has violated. In this case our whole justification in the war stands or

¹ *Times* report July 19, 1919.

falls with the guilt of the ex-Kaiser, unless indeed he is shown to have been insane. If the war was not due to wanton aggression on the part of Germany, caused or permitted by her chief ruler, then the Allies themselves are the aggressors and should be in the dock—a conclusion they are not prepared to admit. They have acted as judges and executioners all through the war, avenging outraged justice, and the final arraignment of its chief authors is part of the same process and as much within their competence as was the war itself.

Unfortunately the rash proposal of the Premier to try the ex-Kaiser in London, joined with the pedantic objections of certain lawyers who cannot conceive of a law which is not embodied in some man-made code, have somewhat confused the issue in the public mind and there is danger of the matter being dropped. A court-martial under Allied leaders could speedily settle whether Wilhelm was really responsible for setting the German armies in motion and for their general behaviour as combatants: therein, if anywhere, lies his guilt. Why not let him be tried quietly in Heligoland, neutralized for the occasion? It should not be forgotten that he has definitely and formally abdicated, and thus of his own accord has got outside the pale of divinity that may still be supposed to hedge a king, and the pomp and circumstance that attend him.

**Europe
after the
Storm.**

There is so little left of the mighty Hapsburg Empire, with the Slav States severed from it and Hungary an independent republic, that the question of a Peace Treaty with Austria awakens hardly any interest. The Treaty was presented to Austria on July 20th, and it has naturally aroused dismay in Vienna. The territorial question has settled itself by the defection of so many States. The Austrian Republic with which the Allies are dealing is in extent a little over one-tenth of the former Empire, but it has to face the liabilities of that Empire's aggression. However, as in the case of Germany, the folly of exacting reparation, whilst refusing the means to make it, must be obvious to the Peace Conference, which is said to have the advantage of the advice of "international financiers." Presumably, a Treaty will be made with the Republic of Hungary when it develops a stable and civilized Government and abandons the Marxian fallacies that have plunged it into bankruptcy; then Bulgaria and Turkey will receive the announcement of their fate. About Russia only a journalist could write with assurance, but, after a liberal discounting of the stories about the Bolshevik Terror, enough evidence remains to show that its present Government is both despotic and irreligious, and therefore incapable of producing the liberty and order which mark a civilized State. About

the relations of Italy and the new Slav State on its eastern borders the observer, dependent on censored newspapers and partizan pamphlets, must be reticent, but therein, less than anywhere else, is there any sign that the "jungle theory" of international intercourse has been abandoned. It would be sad if Italy, finally freed from the menace of a colossal military Power on her flank, should transfer to a young and relatively weak State the nervous hostility that Austria aroused. Only by alliance, mutual concession and co-operation can peace be restored to the storm-centre of Europe, and Europe looks to Italy to further that consummation.

**Hibernia
pacanda.**

But if the Balkans are the storm-centre of Europe, Ireland has become the storm-centre of the world, and nobody now doubts that the reconciliation of that country with England is necessary if the fruits of the war are to be won. Both the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the Bishop of Southwark in their sermons on Peace Sunday (July 6th), speaking as Churchmen not as politicians, insisted on the pressing need of healing that inveterate sore.¹ With greater vehemence, as themselves under the harrow, the Irish Hierarchy assembled at Maynooth on June 24th, declared that the present military domination, substituting "government by constraint for government by consent," could not last. Moreover, time and again responsible statesmen, including the Premier himself,² have insisted on the supreme urgency of pacifying Ireland. General Smuts, too, that most level-headed of observers, said, in his farewell message, that "the most pressing of all constitutional problems in the Empire is the Irish question. It has become a chronic wound, the septic effects of which are spreading to our whole system; and through its influence on America it is now beginning to poison our most vital foreign relations." Finally, for several months the most powerful organ of the English Press, *The Times*, in accord with all the forces of Liberalism and Labour and not a few Conservatives, has been pressing upon the Government the absolute necessity of settling the Irish question at once, in such a way as to preserve the integrity of the British Common-

¹ "There never has been any question demanding the more urgent attention of those who hold the responsibility of Government than the prompt, just, equitable and permanent solution of the problems that surround the history and the actual conditions of our Sister country, Ireland."—Cardinal Bourne at Westminster.

² "So long as the Irish question remains unsettled there can be no peace either in the United Kingdom or in the Empire, and we regard it as one of the first obligations of British statesmanship to explore all practical paths towards a settlement of this grave and difficult question on the basis of self-government."—Election Manifesto of Messrs. L. George and Bonar Law.

wealth whilst allowing the fullest measure of self-government consistent therewith. For the scandal of anarchy in Russia, of red Revolution in Hungary, of alarms and excursions in the Balkans, is as nothing in the eyes of the world compared with the glaring failure of the far-flung might of England to rule, except by martial law, a little dwindling nation at her side. It is notorious that the self-governing colonies demand the settlement of the question, it is equally certain that there can be no genuine and abiding alliance with the United States until Ireland is at peace with England. As things are, then, it is intelligible that there was no national celebration of peace in Ireland¹ on July 19th.

Now, with the political aspects of this unhappy state of things, we have no concern here, but as Christians and lovers of peace we are anxious that all misunderstandings between the two countries should be cleared away. It behoves, indeed, all patriots, whether English or Irish, to labour for this end and, therefore, to investigate in the calm light of reason the obstacles that stand in the way of Anglo-Irish peace. The most fundamental is, as we pointed out at length in December last, the assertion and denial of Ireland's claim to be a separate national entity, capable in all essential matters of ruling herself. Once that claim is recognized, or shown to be groundless, the other difficulties are easily solved. Mr. Balfour, who denies it, showed clearly that he realized what it involved when he said, apropos of the present "suspended" Home Rule Act, that if Ireland were not a nation it conceded too much; if she were, too little.

**The Orange Appeal
to
Bigotry.**

That, however, is a matter for statesmen to settle, and, therefore, the introduction of considerations which are not political should be avoided by all disputants desirous of a settlement. We are justified, on that account, in taking strong exception to the introduction of the Catholic religion into this question. It is done only by the Orangemen and their supporters who wish to strengthen their case by enlisting the forces of bigotry on their side. Sir Edward Carson's harangue at Hollywood on July 12th has met with almost unanimous condemnation in the English press, because of its stupid intransigence, its falsehoods and fallacies, its insult to America, above all, for its threat of contingent rebellion, but we have a special grievance against it in that it is, as *The Times* styled it, "a direct appeal to religious

¹ With the happy result of satisfying both those who hold that Ireland had no right, and those who hold that she had no reason, to join in the Peace rejoicings, the Government amidst its acres of bunting displayed no Irish flags on Peace day, and, to the best of our observation, the rest of London followed that official example.

bigotry." That, of course, is nothing new in Orange diatribes—rather it furnishes their sum and substance—but it calls for constant and emphatic protest from self-respecting Catholics. For the implication always is that Catholicism is incompatible with citizenship, and that Catholics because of their creed will always use political power to persecute their non-Catholic opponents. When the Irish Bishops took their stand with their people against conscription, this same demagogue told his flock that the question they decided in the negative was—"Is it right that a man should be made to defend his country?", and in his recent speech he instanced their opposition to Godless education in Belfast as a sign of their bigoted obscurantism! Such being the mentality of their leaders, what wonder that the Orange drum is apt to drown all rational discussion of this matter? We may remind our readers of Lady Templeton's outspoken contribution to *The Times* correspondence about an Irish settlement.¹ After saying that she has searched in vain amongst the letters to *The Times* for any recognition of the "real and apparently insuperable difficulty" in the way of agreement between N.E. Ulster and the rest of Ireland, this wife of an Ulster peer goes on—"Why shirk it? It is, as every Ulsterman knows, a question of religion. Ulster will not be subjected to the domination of the priests." Now, we cannot call this, "letting the cat out of the bag": this particular cat, to do it justice, has never sought such seclusion, but rather, ever since the institution of Orangeism, has stalked about in the open, masquerading as a tiger; but, until it is thrown into the Boyne with a brick tied to its neck, its antics will tend to confuse an issue otherwise comparatively simple.

**The Status
of the
Dominions.**

Not without its bearing on the Irish question is the present status of the self-governing Dominions. They were admitted as separate nations to the Peace Conference. Theoretically, we have always been taught, they are under the jurisdiction of the Home Government, which may legislate for them but not tax them, and they themselves can pass no valid laws which are at variance with Imperial laws affecting them: their Governors are appointed and paid by the home authorities; the assent of these Governors is necessary for the passing of laws, and they have the power either of vetoing or of reserving legislation "for the consideration of the Crown." But from the date of the first Colonial Conference in 1887 these relations have been gradually modified, until now Professor Berriedale Keith, of Edinburgh, calls the relation of the Dominions to the United Kingdom "one of alliance and not dependency,"² and Lord Milner states that "the only possibility

¹ See *THE MONTH* for May, p. 380.

² *Times*, July 15.

of a continuance of the British Empire is on a basis of absolute out-and-out equal partnership between the United Kingdom and the Dominions."¹ And, notwithstanding the theoretical relations above specified, no one denies that any given Dominion might if it so pleased sever its connection with the mother country. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain acknowledged this as long ago as 1900 when he said: "We have got to a point in our relations with our self-governing Colonies in which I think we recognize, once for all, that these relations depend entirely on their free will and absolute consent." As a matter of fact, one cannot recall in recent years any interference whatever of the home Government with the proceedings of the Dominions. Their fiscal arrangements, both external and foreign, seem quite unfettered, and they are beginning—it is a natural development—to think of having their own Ministers to foreign Governments.² This evolution is to be welcomed, as it tends further to destroy the old Imperialistic idea of communities of subject peoples held and ruled mainly for the benefit of the central power, but there are many anomalies in the situation which await solution. At any rate, it emphasizes the fact that the only tolerable bond of union between free communities is that formed by common traditions and loyalties, good-will and similarity of interests.

**The Menace
of the
Class-War.**

The birth-pangs of the new Order which is to make this country a home fit for heroes are being long protracted. The Government with its magnificent programme and its colossal majority entered office at the beginning of the year. A Ministry of Reconstruction had been at work for several years before the Armistice. But that event took the authorities unawares: nothing was ready and they had to improvise for Peace as they had for War. Not, so far, with equal success. In the industrial world things are going from bad to worse. The Government, which directly represents only one-fourth of the electorate, has never had the confidence of organized Labour, and has lost to some extent that of the rest of the community. In spite of a whirlwind campaign of advertising, the "Victory Loan" was a comparative failure. Sensational defeats at bye-elections further confirm the impression that the Government's failure to carry out any striking part of its reform programme, however it may cast the blame on the Peace Conference, has inspired the country at large with mistrust. But in the case of Labour the mistrust goes further back. Labour withdrew from the Coalition before the election, and certain sections of it have ever since shown a

¹ *Times*, July 10.

² See discussion of Canada's intention to appoint a representative in Washington, *The Times*, July 19.

tendency to act as an independent power in the State. That is a portent of deeper significance even than the 50 or 60 strikes in progress throughout the country. It looks like the dawn of the Soviet system. Although Labour is represented in Parliament, many groups claim to deal with Government outside Parliament and to dictate national policy even in matters not directly concerned with industry. They will not recognize the authority of Parliament, except when Parliamentary enactments suit their views. There are no certain signs that this contempt of Parliamentary Government is a matter of deliberate policy. It may well be that, at the time of the hasty December elections, Labour was not organized to secure representation in proportion to its voting power, and so had to allow what it calls the Capitalist forces to have their way. It sent 350 candidates to the polls but only 60 were returned. Nothing but another General Election will determine whether that was due to lack of organization or lack of real support, but meanwhile certain of its representatives are acting as if they wished the entire overthrow of the Parliamentary system. And yet since Labour as a whole embraces the bulk of the electorate, it might surely achieve its political aims more simply and certainly by political instruments, and we can only trust that those not bitten by the fallacies of Marxian Socialism will come to predominate in its councils.

**A Good Case
Badly
Urged.**

We cannot say that the miners, least of all those of Yorkshire, are well led. The case for the miners, stated fairly and temperately, is irresistibly strong. On their industry the whole prosperity and comfort of the country depend: it is absolutely necessary for our well-being. On the other hand, it is work disagreeable, unhealthy and dangerous in itself. Add to this that no free man can or should be compelled to work more than is necessary for his own and his dependents' needs, and it becomes plain that every inducement should be given to those engaged in this industry to do their best. They are of more importance to the State than the whole army of distributors and administrators who add nothing to production. Hence they are entitled, more than those less arduously employed, to a fair share in the amenities of life, and especially to the assurance that their hard toil really benefits the community at large and does not merely result in adding to the riches of the coal-owners and others. Clearly, no one free to get employment above ground would seek it underneath, unless induced by higher wages and other compensating advantages. On the other hand, coal enters so largely as raw material into economic life that it must be kept relatively cheap, and hence there is less room in coal-mining than in any other industry for the profits of the middleman. It is seemingly

this conviction that lies at the back of the demand for nationalization. Output is gradually falling, because the miners are persuaded that the more they work the greater out of all proportion are their employers' gains. Till they are disabused of this persuasion, appeals to them on behalf of the nation at large will be in vain.

The problem, then, is how to reconcile the miners' just claims with the necessity of having cheap fuel. The miners consider that nationalization will result in the mines being worked much more efficiently and economically: many financial experts, the coal-owners and employers generally, and 300 Members of Parliament think that nationalization spells disaster. Both sides are to some extent theorizing, and the question, one would think, can be settled only by experiment on a sufficiently large scale. Meanwhile, the miners are ill-advised to endeavour to stampede the Government into action, even though they may quote the second part of the Sankey Commission in favour of their view. They have already had substantial concessions and can count on more; they should not trade on the desperate economic condition of the country to enforce a policy which can surely wait for happier times.

**A New
Status for
Industry.**

At the same time the community should recognize that labour unrest, such as is shown by miners and dockers and railway men, is no longer the effect of transient and superficial

causes, but is a symptom of that new birth of which we have spoken. Lord R. Cecil, in the House of Commons on July 14th, indicated what it portends. "The demand," he said, "for what President Wilson has called democratization of industry is just as strong, as reasonable and as deeply founded in human nature as is the demand for self-government. Some system has to be found by which the wage-earners will have a voice in the management and a share in the profits of the industry in which they work." That, indeed, was the plea put forward by the National Industrial Conference in February last, and it has been a commonplace with economic writers for some time. It forms the third and fourth of the "six main causes of Labour Unrest," set forth by the Joint Committee of Employers and Employed established early in the year by the North London Manufacturers' Association. These are:

Suspicion.

Fear of unemployment.

Unfair division of profits and products.

Status in industry.

Extremist Propaganda.

Economic Fallacies.¹

¹ See *Report of Joint Committee*, 18 Finsbury Sq., E.C. 2. Price, 1s.

But Committees may report and experts may write and yet an over-burdened Government, embracing, as a Coalition must, many divergent views, do nothing. Our present danger lies in that. The suspicion above mentioned is apt to attribute delay to reluctance, and therefore to create a more favourable atmosphere for extremists.

**Profiteering
unchecked.**

A more readily roused populace than ours, the citizens of various Italian towns, have dealt drastically with the scandal of profiteering, and compelled their Government to sanction and legalize their cutting of prices. The French also have elaborated a scheme by which honest tradesfolk will be "white-listed" by Government guarantee. Our Government after much pressure has appointed a Commission to inquire into the relation between high prices and profiteering. Let us hope that the Commission will report before the public try "direct action." The Commission on London Traffic has already reported that the "Combine" which controls our means of locomotion has raised fares unnecessarily. But retailers are as much to blame as the great Trusts. As we have frequently pointed out, one effect of the excess profits tax has been to increase prices. The Government has equivalently said to the manufacturer and distributor—"If you give me what you can get above normal prices from the consumer, you may keep 20 % commission."¹ Of course, the seller does all he can to increase his commission, and the consumer suffers. If the State in this instance had decided to take, not to tax, we do not think the moralist would object. It seems quite equitable that gains accruing to the individual as a direct result of the country's extremity should, after making due allowance for depreciation of values, be devoted to the country's relief. Certainly, if ever a levy on capital should be necessary to save the country from bankruptcy, that wealth should first be taken which is directly due to the calamity of war. No one, in the event of such a crisis, could reasonably object to being reduced to his pre-war financial status, account being had of the diminished value of money. But those who have grown rich through the war, judging by the present orgy of extravagance, are far from feeling uneasy about their wealth. On June 24th, a certain rich man, whom we have no reason to think was a profiteer, announced in *The Times* that he was about to present one-fifth of his possessions, some £120,000, to the State. His patriotic action was duly praised in a special leader and also by correspondents, but most of the latter were more concerned to point out the disastrous effect on the market which the general following of this example would produce than to follow it themselves, even when *The Times* pointed out how by simply handing over their

¹ Since the end of the war the commission has been increased to 60 per cent.

scrip in breweries and mines and shipping to the Government they needn't disturb the market at all. Only one man, a comparatively poor man, who, by the work of a life-time had saved £10,000, was moved by F.S.T.'s patriotism to give one-fifth of his substance to his country in need. As for the rich profiteers they will cling to their riches until forcibly relieved of them by the State—or the mob.

**Pogroms
in
Poland?**

Just as stories of Bolshevik atrocities require more authentication than is afforded by "our own correspondent" or a Reuter's dispatch, so the tales, industriously circulated, about the massacres of Jews by the newly-enfranchised citizens of Poland must be carefully examined before being accepted, if they are not rather to be rejected at sight. There may have been deeds of violence here and there in Poland whereby Jews have been the sufferers. If a Jew who is also a German adds to these handicaps by becoming a Bolshevik agent, he cannot expect gentle treatment amongst a Catholic people who are just beginning free national life and abhor both anarchy and Prussianism. The authors of Russia's downfall and ruin are German Jews, and are doing what they can to identify Jewry with revolution. The international Jew is the backbone of the *Internationale*, the fomenter of class-war, the solvent of patriotism, the foe of institutional religion. He is a nuisance and a danger to Europe, and, if there was any chance of his retiring definitely to Asia Minor, then Zionism might be worth supporting. If the Jews in Poland feel that they have reason to be apprehensive of persecution, the special clause safe-guarding the rights of minorities which the Allies have called upon the Polish Government to insert in its constitution should set their fears at rest.

**The English Mission
to the
Vatican.**

In spite of strong pressure from all parties and beliefs to resume official relations with the Pope the French Government has declined to do so, preferring that the Eldest Daughter of the Church should "approach the Vatican by the back stairs," as she had to do in regard to the episcopal affairs of Alsace-Lorraine, than in a manner more consistent with her dignity. One had hoped that M. Clemenceau, whose views and sympathies broadened perceptibly during the war, would have been able to see reason in this matter, but "clericalism" is apparently still the bugbear of his Government. It has been reserved for an Orange Member of Parliament, a Mr. Coote representing South Tyrone, to propose that the English Mission to the Vatican should be discontinued, and we note with some amazement that the Government seem to think the suggestion worth considering. The possibility of the Mission being withdrawn has moved even the anti-Catholic *Morning Post* to a long expostulation with which

it manages, characteristically enough, to include, by implying that national prejudice makes them oppose an English Mission to the Vatican, an insult to Irish Catholics. The Irish Church has never objected to the English Government's being represented at Rome, but only to being itself represented there by an English Government—and not without reason, so long as the nations are at variance, as many episodes dating back to the times of O'Connell and Sir John Hippesley show. It will be interesting to see whether the latent Protestantism of England is still powerful enough to induce the Government to flout every consideration of political interest and common sense in order to gratify it.

**A Bold
Anglican.**

The boldest man which the various crises of Anglicanism have yet thrown up is Mr. Wilfred Knox, for he has dared to set forth in a letter to the *Church Times* (July 25th) the limits of doctrine beyond which the Anglican Church cannot go without forfeiting "her claims to be part of the one Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church." We are not forgetting Frank, Bishop of Zanzibar, who, nearly six years ago, threatened all sorts of things if his Mother the Church did not tell him what exactly she stood for. That was a very embarrassing and somewhat unfilial question to put, still the impatient Bishop was gently told that the information was not available at the moment, but that, if he waited till the Lambeth Conference of 1920, he would be sure to find out. So the Bishop went back to Zanzibar to wait. But Mr. Knox is still less filial, for he implies that the Anglican Church may possibly not be the true Church at all and, inverting the rôles of teacher and taught, tells her where she is to draw the line if she is to retain his allegiance. The limits he assigns are of less importance than the fact that he takes it upon himself to define them. It argues such an odd notion of the virtue of faith. Occasionally one comes across a person who "leaves the Church" because she teaches some doctrine that offends his "moral sense" or because the Pope is a pro-German or for some similar reason, and we are wont to say of them that they never had the faith, since they held it so contingently. But here is Mr. Knox telling what he holds to be Christ's mouthpiece and representative on earth that if she allows general inter-communion with Nonconformists or the ordination of women, then she will cease to be what he thought her. So the Church in Mr. Knox's idea *may* err and is *not* indefectible! Those being his views it may be superfluous to suggest to him that a Church, which already allows her members to deny baptismal regeneration, the Real Presence, the Divinity of Christ, and other such dogmas, may possibly have overstepped the limits of orthodoxy some time back, or may perhaps never have been orthodox at all.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Charismata in the Early Church [A. Cellini in *La Scuola Cattolica*, May-June, 1919].

Domicile according to New Code [S. Woywod, O.F.M., in *Homiletic Monthly*, June, 1919, p. 796].

Saint John, How to read [C. C. Martindale in *Catholic World*, July, 1919, p. 459; Rev. J. Bruneau in *Ecclesiastical Review*, July, 1919, p. 45].

Origen's Treatise on Prayer [H. Pope, O.P., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, June, 1919, p. 633].

Scholasticism, Revival of [L. Roure in *Etudes*, June 20, 1919, p. 724].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglicans and Benediction [*Tablet*, July 19, 26, 1919, pp. 68, 100].

Anti-Catholics in union [J. Beattie in *America*, June 7, 19, 1919, pp. 219, 245].

Church Unity: "A League of Churches" [F. Keeler in *America*, July 5, 1919, p. 328].

"Continuity" in Shropshire [Fr. H. Rope in *Catholic Gazette*, June, 1919, p. 121].

Pope's Action in the War, Defence of [J. H. Fisher in *America*, July 12, 1919, p. 350].

Pope's Temporal Power: State of the Question [J. C. Reville in *America*, May 24, 1919].

Protestant Proselytizing in Italy [*America*, July 5, 1919, p. 333].

Y.M.C.A. Proselytizing in France [F. Beattie in *America*, May 94, 1919, p. 168; Captain O. in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, June 1, 1919, p. 302; Shane Leslie in *Tablet*, July 26, 1919, p. 1c8].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Bollandists, Account of the [H. Delahaye in *Etudes*, March 20, April 20, May 20, June 20, July 20, 1919].

Catholicism in U.S.A.: Episcopal Leadership [Dr. J. D. Ryan in *Catholic World*, July, 1919, p. 433; *Ecclesiastical Review*, July, 1919, p. 1].

De la Salle, John Baptist: The Father of Modern Education [Bishop of Salford in *The Sower*, June, 1919, p. 10].

Democracy: its Catholic origin [A. Rahilly in *Studies*, March, June, 1919, p. 189].

French Catholic "Jeunesse" Movements in the Nineteenth Century [M. Douillard in *Etudes*, June 5, 1919, p. 564].

French Protestants in the East [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, June 5, 1919, p. 604; M. Mourret in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, June 1, 1919, p. 277].

Science, What Believers have done for [A. Eymien in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, July 1, 1919, p. 421].

Social Reform, The French Episcopate on [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, July 5, 1919, p. 108].

Spain's Consecration to the Sacred Heart [*Universe*, June 13, 1919; *Tablet*, June 25, 1919, p. 820].

Vitalism, The "Vagaries" of [Prof. Windle in *Catholic Gazette*, June, 1919, p. 117; A Wrong Theory of, *Idem* in *Dublin Review*, July-Sept., 1919, p. 67].

REVIEWS

I—SERMONS ON ANGLICAN ORDERS¹

THE REV. WILFRED KNOX preached last February at St. Mary's, Graham Street, three sermons in defence of Anglican Orders, and in criticism of the Bull *Apostolica Curæ* which condemned them in 1896. It is these three sermons which are now published by the Society of SS. Peter and Paul under the not very self-explanatory title—*Friend, I do thee no wrong*. Mr. Knox seems to have taken some pains over the study of the subject, and one hoped therefore to have the opportunity, in reviewing his book, of discussing it fairly and squarely with one who, as belonging to the extreme Romanizing section of the Anglican Church, might be supposed to have more points in common with us from which the discussion could start than we have with advocates like Canon Lacey or Father Puller, or the late Bishop Wordsworth of Salisbury. Unfortunately Mr. Wilfred Knox has missed the point of practically all the arguments set forth by the Bull, and has thus constrained us to the disagreeable task of having to rectify, so far as our space will allow, the chief misconceptions into which he has fallen.

As regards the action of the Holy See under Queen Mary Tudor he sets himself to maintain that—when the Holy See, and Cardinal Pole in obedience to its directions, lay down that Orders given irregularly during the schism if they had been given by the use of the *consueta forma Ecclesiæ* were to be accepted, but if given by any other form were to be regarded as null and requiring to be repeated—they included under this term *consueta forma Ecclesiæ* Orders given by the Edwardine Ordinal, at all events if given by the first Edwardine Ordinal, which retained in some degree the tradition of the instruments. He gathers this, because in his opinion the one thing that Pole looked to was that Orders should be given by a tradition of the instruments, and he persuades himself from the imperfect data Dr. Frere has collected from the episcopal registers, that some recipients of these Edwardine Orders were left under Mary in possession of their benefices while others were reordained by the Pontifical.

There are many things to complain of in this mode of presenting the case. In the first place it is impossible to infer anything complete from such defective statistics; and secondly, Mr. Knox's

¹ *Friend, I do thee no wrong*. By Wilfred Laurence Knox, M.A. Oxon. London: Soc. of SS. Peter and Paul. Pp. 79. Price, 2s.

theory that the reordinations he has to acknowledge as attested by the episcopal registers may be such as were due to the private scruples of the persons in question, who craved for the certainty of a reordination by the Pontifical, while the others who according to this supposition were allowed to continue in their ministry without going through another ceremony were those who were content with their ordination by the Edwardine Ordinal—is a theory which could never enter into the head of a Catholic ecclesiastic who knows that all such things are regulated by Church authority and on a principle which is the same for all. But what is more important still, as Leo XIII. points out in his Bull, the Letters of Julius III. and Paul IV. were not in the nature of definitions deciding what are the requisites for a valid ordinal but of a practical direction for Pole and his fellow-bishops to follow in dealing with the definite case that had arisen in England, where there was the "form of the Church" that had been in use for centuries and a new form which had been recently devised by heretics and schismatics to supersede it—for by the "form of the Church" was meant, by the very nature of the term, not any form which some private theorist might think sufficient for validity, but the form which the true Church had sanctioned for her own use and which, as being *hers* in this sense, might be trusted to contain all the conditions of validity. When this essential point of terminology is borne in mind it becomes manifest that the direction given to Pole and the other Bishops by the Papal Letters was to accept the Orders given by the Pontifical and to ignore as invalid the ordinations given by the rival form or forms that had been introduced under Edward VI.

Another suggestion which the author makes at this stage of his argument is that, as Pole must have held the doctrine which regards tradition of the instruments as the form of ordination, he must be supposed to have regulated his dealing with the Edwardine ordinations by this principle. Anyhow he rejected the Orders given by the Edwardine rite and in this he was approved by Paul IV., who ratified his action. But Mr. Knox thinks that it is now by general consent acknowledged that tradition of the instruments is not the true form of the sacrament. Here he is a little too precipitate in drawing his conclusion. It is recognized now that the Eastern form was without this ceremony and yet was valid, but that was also recognized in Pole's time, and he knew it very well, for he knew that the Greek Orders were recognized at Florence, as also both before and since then. The question that the later researches of Morinus threw light upon was whether the Orders by the Latin rite required this further ceremony, inasmuch as Morinus had shown that its introduction into that rite did not go back further than the twelfth century; and this was

regarded as uncertain since it might be that the Latin rite had come to attach the signification of the sacrament to this ceremony. Mr. Knox is confident that we do so no longer, but how he knows that he does not tell us, and the fact is that in view of that possibility the Church, which in dealing with Orders likes always to be on the safe side, up to this day requires that, if by any chance the tradition of the instruments has been omitted in any ordination by the *Latin* rite, the *whole* ordination shall be repeated conditionally. And here we have a test to convince us that Pole, and Paul IV., were looking to some deeper defect in the Anglican rite, for they ordered absolute ordinations in the case of those who had previously undergone ordination by that rite, whereas, if they had reasoned as Mr. Knox imagines, they would have re-ordained them conditionally.

We must not omit to refer to the author's suggestion that the Holy See had no other information in 1704 as to the way in which Gordon had received his Anglican consecration save the "Nag's Head" story. This shows that he did not before writing study the *Vindication*, in which the Catholic Bishops of England in 1897 vindicated the accuracy of Pope Leo's Bull, still less Padre Brandi's *Roma e Canterbury*, published a little earlier and containing extracts from the Roman archives of many documents which the Commission of 1896 had considered. Had he seen these documents he would have known that the text of the Anglican rite was before the Holy See at the time of the Gordon case, and that neither the "Nag's Head" story nor the lack of tradition of instruments influenced the decision of the Catholic authorities at the time.

When Mr. Knox comes to the question of the intrinsic reasons for the condemnation pronounced in 1896 he makes a very serious omission, which convicts him of having read the Bull in a very casual manner. For the Bull, as is manifest even from the extract he gives from it in his Appendix, lays down that "the words which up to recent times have been regarded by Anglicans as the form of ordination to the priesthood, the words Receive the Holy Ghost, do not by any means definitely signify the order of the priesthood *or* its grace and power, which is specially the power of consecrating and offering the true Body and Blood of the Lord in the Sacrifice." Here the Bull lays down clearly that the sacramental form of Holy Orders must signify *definitely* the order imparted *either* by its accepted name *or* by designating the special power that is to be imparted, whereas the Anglican form does *neither* of these two things. What then does Mr. Knox do? He ignores the alternative modes of designation for one of which the Bull stipulates, and then spends many pages in trying to show, what the *Vindication* had already shown, that several ancient

forms had taken, as the Anglican form does not take, the other alternative of designating the order imparted by its accustomed name. Then afterwards, whilst ignoring that the accepted name of the order does not appear in the Anglican rite in its essential form (which in the Elizabethan version of the Ordinal is quite indeterminate) he tries to argue that it is sufficiently designated in other parts of that rite where the terms priesthood, &c. are to be found; but when the Bull, forestalling this plea, points out that, though the terms appear there, they had first been evacuated of their Catholic meaning by Anglican usage, he protests that this is quite a new charge condemned therefore by its very novelty; in other words that it is quite justifiable for him to bring in this appeal to the context but very wicked of the Pope to point out the vice of it, which is the more remarkable inasmuch as this appeal to the context as confirmatory of the argument drawn from the insufficiency of the essential form, so far from being a novelty in the controversy, has been a regular feature in it all along.

There are other defects in Mr. Wilfred Knox's argumentation which might be pointed out but these may suffice to show how unreliable it is, though undoubtedly well meant.

2—THE QUARANT 'ORE¹

FATHER ANGELO DE SANTI, S.J., well known in Italy for the services he has rendered to liturgical studies and to the reform of ecclesiastical music, has produced an admirable little monograph, expanded from a series of articles in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, upon the devotion of the Forty Hours. With regard to the origins of the practice it is gratifying to find that his painstaking researches have brought him to conclusions substantially identical with those on more than one occasion outlined in our own pages. Father de Santi, like ourselves, is satisfied that the measure of forty hours was selected as representing roughly the period during which our Lord's Sacred Body lay in the tomb, and that the custom originated in some sort of imitation at ordinary seasons of the observances primarily distinctive of the Easter Sepulchre. Of course, the comparative seclusion which was originally characteristic of the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament in company with the crucifix, from Good Friday to Easter Sunday morning, was replaced in time by the public exposition of the Sacred Host with many adjuncts of solemnity. One point

¹ *L' Orazione delle Quarant' Ore e i Tempi di Calamità e di Guerra* pel R. P. Angelo de Santi, S.J. Roma: Civiltà Cattolica. Pp. xxxii, 392. Price 8.00 lire. 1919.

upon which we should have been glad to have further information, but upon which Father de Santi seems not to have touched, is the degree in which the process of development was influenced by the custom, very widely spread in mediæval England, of enshrining the Host in a silver statue of our Saviour, the breast of which enclosed a receptacle shut by a door of crystal or beryl through which its sacred contents could be discerned by the worshippers. This was, of course, simply a form of monstrance. Our author gives us, however, an interesting citation from a fourteenth (?) century missal of Aquileia, in which it is prescribed that when on Good Friday the Body of Christ is buried in the sepulchre together with the crucifix, the Host is to be bound to the breast of the figure of the crucifix by means of a "syndon" or some cloth of precious material. Of course this question of origins occupies only a small section of the volume. The greater part of the essay is taken up with the history, purpose and observances of the Forty Hours properly so called. As a prayer of supplication, closely connected in the sixteenth century with the menace of Turkish invasion, and associated at all times with seasons of national calamity, war, peril, or outrage to religion, the discussion of the subject was peculiarly appropriate at the time when these chapters, during the course of 1917, were first published in the *Civiltà*. Many matters are brought together in Father de Santi's skilfully written pages which would with difficulty be found elsewhere. The elaborate "staging"—if such a word may be used without irreverence—of the exposition, by the employment in many Roman churches of artistic scenery, showing some historical tableau typical of the Blessed Sacrament, is adequately dealt with, and is illustrated by a few striking reproductions of old engravings. The introduction of such a "sacro teatro," as it came to be styled, is traced back to the year 1619 and it seems first to have been used in the Oratorio del Caravita, though during the greater part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the creations of the church of the Gesù seem to have eclipsed all the rest in splendour. About these and many other relevant topics Father de Santi supplies abundant details. We have also an excellent bibliography and sundry appendices in which kindly acknowledgment is made of the writer's obligations to articles which have appeared in our own pages.

3—THE NEW IRISH RITUALE¹

DURING the greater part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries English and Irish Catholics used a common *Ritule*. The only indication of any difference of editorship or destination lay in the fact that whereas most editions bore on the title-page the words "Pro Anglia, Hibernia et Scotia," one or two, notably that issued in 1648, reversed the order and announced that it was printed "Pro Hibernia, Anglia et Scotia." In the course of the eighteenth century, however, it became possible to print these books at home and Catholics were no longer dependent upon Continental impressions. That provided for English use was revised and rearranged by Bishop Challoner, and we may probably trace to that circumstance the existence of certain divergencies in the vernacular responses which are still observable in the modern editions. The English godfather, for example, when he is asked by the priest "Dost thou renounce Satan" replies "I do renounce him"; his Irish representative answers "I renounce him," though, somewhat inconsistently, when he is asked "Dost thou believe" &c., he is directed to say "I do believe," as we do in England. On the other hand it seems to be the merit of the edition before us to provide for the first time a reasonable translation of the words "Fides quid tibi præstat?" In the eighteenth-century copies this was rendered "What does Faith avail thee?", in our present English *Ordo Administrandi* we find "What doth Faith bring thee to?" But we certainly think it an improvement in view of the answer which follows, to translate, with the book before us, "Of what does Faith assure thee?" "Life everlasting."

Turning to matters of more importance we are glad to bear witness to the pains which have evidently been taken by Father J. B. O'Connell, the editor of this new edition, to bring the contents into strict accord with the 1913 revision of the *Ritule Romanum*. Taken as a whole the book, both from the point of view of the liturgist and of the typographer, may undoubtedly be commended for its accuracy. But we are none of us infallible, and one or two unfortunate misprints have escaped Father O'Connell's vigilance. For example, in the form for blessing holy water, which is likely to be one of the most frequently used sections in the book, it is irritating to read (p. 205) "ut hanc creaturam salis et aquæ dignantur aspicias." So on p. 190 we find, in the rubric, *prohibet* for *prohibet*, on p. 47 *et* for *ut*, on p. 64

¹ *Ritule Parvum, e Rituali Romano aliisque Fontibus authenticis excerptum et ad Usus Cleri Hibernici accommodatum*, cura Rev. J. B. O'Connell. Dublin: James Duffy and Co. Pp. viii. 384. 1919. 12s. net.

ecclesiasticos for *ecclesiasticos*, while (p. 69) the word *ejusdem*, in a prayer in which the Holy Spirit has previously been mentioned, is omitted. On the other hand, much attention has evidently been devoted by Father O'Connell to the rather difficult matter of the ritual of burial. The authoritative Roman books do not always give us a clear lead here in several matters of detail. The editor, we think, has done well to amplify a little the indications provided in the *Rituale Romanum*, justifying his insertion by brief references to official sources at the foot of the page. We may confess to feeling regret that the Irish Episcopate have not thought well to follow their English brethren in omitting from the trothplighting in the marriage service the clause "if Holy Church will it permit." This apparently conditional phrase has caused trouble in the past, and a study of its history shows that its retention from the old Sarum *Manuale* was really due to misunderstanding. We are glad, however, to notice that in the separate form provided for mixed marriages the clause is left out. One necessary effect of this and other divergences between the English and Irish books must of course be that we cannot recommend Messrs. Duffy's excellently printed edition for general use in this country. Father O'Connell has also, let us notice, made a judicious selection from amongst the Benediction forms of the *Rituale*, including particularly those most likely to be needed for the blessing of scapulars, medals, etc., and in connection with other devotions.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL

OF late years our English theological literature has been enriched by the addition of many books dealing with the Holy Eucharist. Bishop Hedley, Dr. Fortescue, Father Lucas, S.J., have each written copiously, learnedly and devoutly on the Great Sacrifice of the New Law. Yet the appearance of a seventh edition of Father Gavin's lectures on **The Sacrifice of the Mass** (Burns and Oates: 3s. 6d. net), first published sixteen years ago, shows that a simpler treatise still finds and fulfils a want. We gather, though it is not expressly stated, that this edition, "revised, enlarged, and corrected," has a new chapter, that on the Roman Missal.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge issues **The Longer Commentary of R. David Kimhi on the First Book of Psalms** (translated by R. G. Finch, B.D., with an Introduction by G. H. Box, M.A.: price 7s. 6d. net) as an item in its rabbinical series. Strictly speaking, it is part of a larger series supposed to consist of "Translations of Early Documents," from which we had expected, and indeed in the main still

expect, rabbinical translations throwing light upon the religious views and expectations of the Jews about the time of Christ, and matters of that kind. A marked feature of the scholarship of our time is a more accurate investigation of the Jewish background of the New Testament; an investigation in itself commendable, but owing to the absence of contemporary evidence apt to end in too much importance being attached to data that are very late. However, the biblical value of the present work is not of that kind at all; Rabbi David Kimhi lived in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the value of his work is not, so to speak, relative, as throwing light on the New Testament environment, but absolute, as an accomplished Hebrew grammarian and exegete, whose work has not lost its value to-day. This can be seen from the volume before us, which is a useful selection from Kimhi's Commentary on the First Book of Psalms. For the most part we have a careful investigation of the literal sense, based on sound philology. At the end of the second and twenty-second psalms we have a polemical excursus against the "Nazarenes," *i.e.*, against the Christian interpretation of these psalms, but the reasonings are not very powerful, nor does the Christian case rest purely on the psalms. The book is well brought out, and the Introduction and appendix will prove a help to the student.

DEVOTIONAL.

A great many hands have apparently been concerned in the production of **The Priest's Vade-Mecum** (Washbourne: 2s. 6d. net), of which the original author is Pierre Bouvier, S.J., and which has been translated from the latest French edition by Miss K. A. Brock, with a preface by Archbishop McIntyre. It is a series of counsels regarding the conduct of the priest in his various relations, clothed in simple, direct language and supported by constant reference to Scripture and the Fathers. Brief and portable, it is all the more likely to be useful.

In short compass, yet with clear and logical exposition, Father Augustine Sprigler publishes a practical course of instruction on the Holy Eucharist, entitled **Our Refuge** (Herder: 3s. net). It should be especially useful for those who join the Church as adults, combining as it does exact theological treatment with earnest piety.

Although more in season during Lent, the Rev. M. S. Smith's sermons **From the Cenacle to the Tomb** (Herder: 2s. net) will make good spiritual reading at all times, for the Church is ever commemorating the Passion of our Lord. The author's remark that he has made much use of that storehouse of devotion, Father Gallwey's *Watches of the Passion*, will further guarantee the soundness of his spirituality.

BIOGRAPHY.

The life of the holy nun of Cascia which the Rev. M. J. Corcoran, O.S.A., has published under the title of **Our Own St. Rita** (Benziger Bros.: \$1.00 net), is founded on a recent Italian biography of the Saint. This may perhaps account for the rather rhapsodical style in which it is written, the vagueness of description, and the absence of a detailed chronological framework. We learn from the original life, preserved in the *Acta Sanctorum*, that St. Rita was married at the age of 12, that she tamed and converted her husband long before his murder, that the

children born to them were twins, that they died repentant of their purpose of revenge, and other details which this narrative leaves unspecified. On the other hand, there is no mistaking the fervour of devotion with which it is written and the consequent edification its perusal is likely to cause.

HISTORICAL.

The series of *Helps for Students of History*, published by the S.P.C.K., has lately been augmented by Sir A. W. Ward's **The Period of Congresses** (S.P.C.K.: 3s. 6d. net), containing Nos. 9, 10, and 11, and the same author's **Securities of Peace** (S.P.C.K.: 3s. net). The first is a rapid survey by an accomplished historian, for whose anti-Catholic bias, however, allowances must sometimes be made, of the various European Congresses from the Peace of Westphalia (1648) to the Congress of Verona in 1822. In his second volume he traces throughout the nineteenth century the fortunes and progress of the peace idea which has culminated in the present League of Nations.

POETRY.

It was one of the happy chances of our great but dreadful war that sent Pte. Arnel O'Connor, R.A.M.C., for service to the Holy Land, where his spiritual insight and sensitive heart were bound to be moved to song. In **A Singer in Palestine** (Mary's Meadow Press: 2s. net) we have the exquisite result—tender little poems of perfect technique, some inspired by memories of home and of her who was left there, some by the poignant contrast between the ancient land traversed by the Prince of Peace and the grim war-game of which it was the scene. Slight as the volume is, it must be set amongst our gains in the world-struggle.

Father Lambert McKenna is to be congratulated on the completion of his great enterprise,—the translation into English of the fifty-four sixteenth century Irish poems, attributed to the bard, Aonghus O Dálaigh or O'Daly. After a critical introduction dealing with the personality and times of the poet and the characteristics of his style, the editor prints the text and translation of the poems, the great bulk of which are religious, in parallel columns. Our inability to test the fidelity of the version does not hinder our appreciation of the high level of poetic feeling, religious fervour, and wealth of imagery exhibited by the bard. A preface by Professor Bergin testifies to the technical excellence of these verses, as well as to the impossibility of reproducing their peculiar beauties perfectly in another tongue. (**Aonghus O Dálaigh**. Maunsel: 3s. 6d. net).

NON-CATHOLIC WORKS.

The standpoint of the Rev. William Crouch, who has written a pamphlet on **The Christian Monarchy** (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net), is indicated by a sentence in his preface—"The history of the sixteenth century ought to be a warning to any who would shake the Church to its very foundations in order to effect a very doubtful reformation." He holds, that is, that the Church of England is a part of the Catholic Church, and that, consequently, although he does not see the consequence, the Catholic Church is a kingdom divided against itself and *not* the Church of Christ. Apart from this fundamental fallacy, his contention against the modernists of his communion who would revolutionize not only the doctrine but the constitution of the Church, is very ably developed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Even into the dry bones of Political Economy a certain vivacity can be breathed by a well-read and imaginative writer, as has long ago been proved by the classical work of Mr. C. S. Devas. A similar gift of apt illustration and humorous comment marks **The Economic Foundations of Reconstruction** (Macdonald and Evans: 6s. 6d. net), by Mr. Alfred Milnes, M.A. It consists of a series of Free Trade lectures delivered just before the Armistice in the National Liberal Club. To one who is not an economist but a moralist, Free Trade is preferable to Protection because it diminishes the cause of friction between communities and makes an approach to a fair price calculable and possible. But there is always the question of imported goods which owe their cheapness to the sweated labour or the inferior standard of civilization of their producers, and which a tariff may at any rate tend to discourage. For this and other reasons the case against Protection is not always as sound as it appears. But in Mr. Milnes's hands, at any rate, it loses nothing of its force.

The answer which M. A. N. Briantchaninoff makes to the question which forms the title of his book "**Quo vadis, Europa?**" (King and Son: 3s. 6d. net), is vitiated and distorted by his ignorance of the true character and functions of the Church Catholic. His aims and aspirations are sound: he wishes to further Christian civilization: he detests autocracy and socialism, but knowing nothing of a Universal Church he sees nothing for it but that religion should be the private concern of each and have no collective recognition. Thus, much of his theorizing is in the air, and some, such as his advocacy of divorce by consent, is destructive of the society he wishes to preserve.

Control of the Liquor Trade during the war was largely extended by Parliament in the interests of physical efficiency. What "the Trade" did not regard in the time of the country's dire peril, it is less likely to regard when peace has been restored. It is not safe to allow a business, the financial prosperity of which means general waste and inefficiency,—to speak only of material effects—to develop unchecked by preventive legislation. The experience acquired during the war has emphasized what was always felt, viz., that a huge industry, very liable to result in widespread social evils, should not be allowed to remain a means of private gain, resulting almost certainly in a conflict between public and individual interest. Hence the several commissions set up by the Government in 1915 and 1917 to consider the financial possibility of State Purchase of the Liquor Trade, all of which reported almost unanimously in favour of the practicability of the scheme. The arguments which influenced them, with much else that bears upon the subject, are excellently discussed in **State Purchase of the Liquor Trade** (Allen and Unwin: 1s. net), by Messrs. J. Rowntree and A. Sherwell, a volume which should do much to furnish public opinion with the driving-force necessary to move our unwieldy and preoccupied after-war Government.

M. Gustave de Lamarzelle, Sénateur du Morbihan, has essayed a theme in his **L'Anarchie dans le Monde moderne** (Beauchesne: 8.40 fr.) which has occupied a variety of Christian authors since the war broke out. Catholics are naturally more outspoken on the subject than non-Catholics, although the latter are being forced by the logic of facts to come very

unwillingly to conclusions which upset inveterate prejudices. The theme is this—that the political and social anarchy which is characteristic of our age is the legitimate off-spring of the religious anarchy which originated at the "Reformation." It was German Luther who paved the way to the State's intrusion into the religious sphere, the setting-up of "Cæsarism," with the natural result of the anti-religious Revolution and the tyranny of the mob,—in a word, the check on lawlessness of every sort, national and international, established by Providence in the supranational universal Church was destroyed by Luther and his following, and has never been restored. What wonder the world is reverting to Paganism which was based on personal slavery and the exploitation of the multitude by a minority. Peace and stability, which the world *must* have, can only be secured, in default of the Christian order, by some such system as that of ancient Rome. The Senator admirably develops the conflict between the two civilizations, so graphically traced by Canon Barry in *The World's Debate*, and pleads for the restoration of the Christian, now that the other, headed by Germany, is for the moment at a disadvantage. But are our Allied statesmen fit protagonists for Christian civilization?

An excellent illustration of the peril to which Catholic children who frequent non-Catholic elementary schools are exposed by reason of the ideals and principles of the State authority for education, and some, at least, of its officials, is afforded by a volume just published—**The English Elementary School: some elementary facts about it** (Longmans: 6s. net)—by A. W. Newton, M.A. The author was formerly an Inspector of the Board of Education, well-qualified, therefore, by his position to gain an accurate knowledge of the spirit and aims of modern elementary school-training. Yet it is evident that he has no idea that other interests besides those of the State are concerned in Elementary Education. His chapter on Religious Instruction is headed "Attempts to Use Schools for the Purpose of Propagandism by Religious Bodies," thus ignoring the fact that religious bodies were for many generations engaged in teaching the children of the poor, as far as they could reach them, long before the State awoke to its duty of seeing that all its citizens had some sort of education to fit them for citizenship. It would be news to him that it is the bounden duty of the Catholic Church—to speak only of the representative of the whole Christian tradition—to provide religious education for all her members, and that Catholic parents are bound in conscience to see that their children have access to such training. He has never probably realized the right of the child to be fully instructed in its duties towards its Maker and to be established in habits that may secure the salvation of its soul. Ignorance on these matters does not, of course, prevent Mr. Newton from gathering together much useful information about the history of elementary education in England, and about the outcome of the various secular *curricula* that have been followed from time to time, but until he realizes that education properly so-called is concerned with the due harmonization of four several "rights"—those of God, of the child, of the parent, and of the State—his references must needs be inaccurate and his counsel misleading.

A typical example of "Prussianism" is the endeavour by one race in a complex State to destroy the language of another constituent race.

That was attempted by Germany in Poland and is the avowed aim of a certain party in Canada. We learn from an earnest and eloquent volume—**The Language Question in Belgium** (Grant Richards: 12s. 6d. net)—by Dr. A. van de Perre that a similar process is going on in Belgium, where, under the plea that Flanders, the Flemish-speaking moiety of the country, is essentially bilingual, attempts are being made to make French the official and predominant language of the country to the detriment of Flemish and of those whose native tongue it is. Dr. van de Perre treats the question very thoroughly, writing with some heat indeed, as is natural, considering that he is refuting the widespread views of the French-speaking party, but tracing the fortunes of the Flemish language historically and showing by abundance of diagrams its prevalence in Flanders. He does not, of course, want to disturb Belgian unity; all he pleads for is a recognition of facts, the main fact being that the State is formed of two distinct peoples, each with a well-developed language of its own, and neither disposed to abandon its tongue in favour of the other. In the circumstances what prudence and justice demand is complete equality of rights between the two languages, so that neither should be imposed by force. The chief difficulty arises when the State has to act as one entity in its governmental, legal, and military aspects—which language is then to be used? Our author does not directly solve that problem, but demands that all officials should be able to understand Flemish when necessary. He also more than once accuses Church authorities of actively taking the French side in the debate: before coming to a fair conclusion it would be necessary to hear their defence.

Now that he is back in his cloister again Father Dominic Devas, O.F.M., has found leisure to set down his reminiscences of three and a half strenuous years as a Chaplain on the Western Front, and a very readable book he has made, although it is not very accurately named **From Cloister to Camp** (Sands and Co.: 3s. 6d. net). The last six months he spent with the Munster Fusiliers, and he eagerly takes occasion from this part of his experience to protest against the often-repeated calumny that the Irish took no efficient part in destroying the Prussian monster. Almost the last words of his book indicate one main reason why the Irish question is so often called an "insoluble problem."—"I don't think," he writes, "I ever met in the Army a single Englishman, even amongst those most ready to lay down the law, who had ever the remotest idea of Irish history, or of English history in its relation to Ireland, or who ever attempted to gain any insight at all into the Irish point of view, or to study the characteristics of the Irish people. Like religion, it was not thought worth the while." Father Devas took a minute and intelligent interest in the military side of his experiences, as is shown by several excellent maps of the closing scenes.

The leisurely autobiography of which Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) has already completed two large volumes is now further enriched by a third equally large—**The Years of the Shadow** (Constable and Co.: 15s. net). The egoism inseparable from narratives of the kind is relieved and diluted by various digressions about the history and sayings of other interesting folk, of whom the author has met a most enviable number. The serious interest of the book, besides its testimony to the possibility of being a fervent Irish patriot whilst retaining a warm affec-

tion for things and persons English, is the account of the Sinn Fein movement and the Easter Rebellion of 1916. Mrs. Hinkson does much in these books of hers to make the two peoples understand each other, all the more that her narratives are eminently readable, being almost as full of pleasant anecdote as those of Somerville and Ross. The "Shadow" in the title refers, of course, to the Great War, not, one is glad to think, to the declining years of the author, who, in fact, half promises us yet another volume of reminiscences.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The American Association for International Conciliation continues its useful spade-work of collecting and classifying all documents which bear upon the emergence of the new order from the chaos of the old. In the four issues, Nos. 136-9, are printed the voluminous and, in their way, logically planned and elaborated decrees of the Russian Soviet Government, the various proclamations by which the German Revolution was accomplished, the position and claims of the different nations in Asia Minor, and finally the documents relating to the earlier stages of the Peace Conference down to the constitution of the League of Nations. This Association by these excellently-produced publications is doing an immense service to the student of affairs.

The May number of *St. Francis' Magazine*, the official record of the Diocese of Northampton, has two main features, viz., an account, parish by parish, of the war-services of the diocese, with the names of those who died for their country, and an account of the welcome given to the Bishop on his return from his eventful sojourn in America.

Now that the war-pressure is removed the *Catholic Reading Guild* (see pamphlet with this title: 6d.) bids fair to renew and expand all its pre-war activities. Its aim is practically the same as that of the Bexhill Free Library—the spreading of Catholicism by means of the printed page—and according to the report under notice that aim has been faithfully followed during the dark days of the war. It is an enterprise worthy of the fullest Catholic support.

St. Dominic's Press, Ditchling, is acquiring a reputation for excellent handiwork, exercised upon a variety of publications mainly dealing with religious and social themes. One of the latest forms No. 1 of a "Welfare Series," and is called *Health* (Ditchling: 1s.); its subject is the new Ministry of Health, some of the ideals and methods of which it subjects to mordant criticism, none the less telling because couched in a medley of humorous prose and verse. It contains extracts from the objectionable Health Forms issued by the Glasgow Public Health Department, to which reference was made in our first article last month.

Not content with that memorable pamphlet, *Social Reconstruction*, which is destined to direct Catholic activities in the States for some time to come, the National Catholic War Council is continuing the issue of monographs on various points of the social programme, so as to apply in detail the principles to which it has already given general expression. No. 2 has for subject *Land Colonization; problems and remedies*,—the most vital of topics in every country. No. 4 discusses provisions made *For Soldiers and Sailors and those dependent on them*. Besides

these it has begun the publication of a monthly *Bulletin* which will serve to keep its activities and projects before the public. In fact, what is thus being done in America, with such wisely-directed and sustained vigour and with the official sanction and the whole organized force of the Catholic Church behind it, is the same most Christian and necessary work which to our shame we have left here to the efforts of a voluntary Society, the Catholic Social Guild, few in numbers and quite inadequately supported either by clergy or laity.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- ALLENSON, London.
Letters to my Love beyond the Veil.
Pp. 31.
- AMERICA PRESS, New York.
The Catholic Mind. Vol. XVII. Nos. 10-13.
- BURNS & OATES, London.
The Sacrifice of the Mass. By M. Gavin, S.J. Seventh Edition.
Pp. xxvi. 230. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *The Mirror of Perfection.* By Brother Leo. Pp. xii. 232. Price, 2s. 6d. n.
- CAPITOL PUBLISHING Co., Washington.
Prehistoric Religions. By P. L. Mills, S.T.L. Illustrated. Pp. lxxii. 616. Price, \$10.00.
- CIVILTA CATTOLICA, Rome.
L'Orazione delle Quarant' Ore. By A. De Santi, S.J. Pp. xxii. 391. Price, 8.00 l.
- GRANT RICHARDS, London.
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